THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME X. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1877. NUMBER 37.

Then and Now.

When life was bright, and balmy youth
Was mine with innocence and truth,
And care was never ruling me,
I loved a damsel fair and gay,
Who to my doubting words would say,
In a caressing, smiling way,
Indeed she wasn't fooling me.

She told the truth—we soon were wed;
The honeymoon long since has fled,
And now she'd oft be ruling me.
Besides these matrimonial ills,
She'll dress in naught but silks and frills,
And when I see those awful bills,
I wish she had been fooling me.

The False Oracle.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

She picked a little daisy flower
With fringe of snow, and heart of gold;
All pure without, and warm within—
And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low she musing said,
And plucked the border leaf by leaf;
"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart—beyond belief."

"A little—too much—not at all"—
So rang the changes o'er and o'er;
The tiny leaflets fluttered down,
And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart"—oh, magic brief
Ah, foolish task, to measure out
Love's value on a daisy leaf!

For she pulled the latest left
With "not all left," I heard her say,
"Ah, much you know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."
—*Scribner's.*

"Who Was My Quiet Friend?"

BY BRET HARTE.

"Stranger!"

The voice was not loud, but clear and penetrating. I looked vainly up and down the narrow darkening trail. No one in the fringe of alder ahead; no one on the gullied slope behind.

"Oh! stranger!"

This time a little impatiently. The Californian vocative, "Oh," always meant business.

I looked up, and perceived for the first time, on the ledge, thirty feet above me, another trail parallel with my own, and looking down upon me through the buckeye bushes a small man on a black horse.

Five things to be here noted by the circumspect mountaineer. First, the locality—lonely and inaccessible and away from the regular faring of teamsters and miners. Secondly, the stranger's superior knowledge of the road from the fact that the other trail was unknown to the ordinary traveler. Thirdly, that he was well armed and equipped. Fourthly, that he was better mounted. Fifthly, that any distrust or timidity arising from the contemplation of these facts had better be kept to oneself.

All this passed rapidly through my mind as I returned his salutation.

"Got any tobacco?" he asked.

I had, and signified the fact, holding up the pouch inquiringly.

"All right, I'll come down. Ride on, and I'll jine ye on the slide."

"The slide?" Here was a new geographical discovery as odd as the second trail. I had ridden over the trail a dozen times, and seen no communication between the ledge and trail. Nevertheless I went on a hundred yards or so, when there was a sharp crackling in the underbrush, a shower of stones on the trail, and my friend plunged through the bushes to my side down a grade that I should scarcely have dared to lead my horse. There was no doubt he was an accomplished rider—another fact to be noted.

As he ranged beside me I found I was not mistaken as to his size; he was quite under the medium height, and, but, for a pair of cold gray eyes, was rather commonplace in feature.

"You've got a good horse there," I suggested.

He was filling his pipe from my pouch, but looked up a little surprised, and said: "Of course." He then puffed away with the nervous eagerness of a man long deprived of that sedative. Finally, between the puffs, he asked me whence I came.

I replied from "Lagrange."

He looked at me a few moments curiously, but on my adding that I had only halted there for a few hours, he said: "I thought I knew every man between Lagrange and Indian Spring, but somehow I sorter disremember your face and your name."

Not particularly caring that he should remember either, I replied, half laughingly, that as I lived the other side of Indian Spring, it was quite natural. He took the rebuff—if such it was—so quietly, that as an act of mere perfunctory politeness, I asked him where he came from.

"Lagrange."

"And you are going to"——

"Well! that depends pretty much on how things pan out, and whether I can make the riffle." He let his hand rest quite unconsciously on the leathern holster of his dragoon revolver, yet with a strong suggestion to me of his ability "to make the riffle" if he wanted to, and added: "But just now I was reck'nin' on taking a little *pasear* with you."

There was nothing offensive in his speech, save its familiarity and the reflection, perhaps, that whether I objected or not, he was quite able to do as he said. I only replied that if our *pasear* was prolonged beyond Heavytree Hill, I should have to borrow his beast. To my surprise, he replied quietly: "That's so," adding that the horse was at my disposal when he wasn't using it, and half of it when he was. "Dick has carried double many a time before this," he continued: "and kin do it again; when your mustang gives out, I'll give you a lift and room to spare."

I could not help smiling at the idea of appearing before the boys at Red Gulch *en croupe* with the stranger; but neither could I help being oddly affected by the suggestion that his horse had done double duty before. "On what occasion, and why?" was a question I kept to myself. We were ascending the long rocky flank of the Divide; the narrowness of the trail obliged us to proceed slowly and in file, so that there was little chance for conversation, had he been disposed to satisfy my curiosity.

We toiled on in silence, the buckeye giving way to *chimisal*, the westering sun, reflected again from the blank walls beside us, blinding our eyes with its glare. The pines in the canyon below were olive gulfs of heat, over which a hawk here and there drifted lazily, or rising to our level, cast a weird and gigantic shadow of slowly moving wings on the mountain side. The superiority of the stranger's horse led him often far in advance, and made me hope that he might forget me entirely, or push on, grown weary of waiting. But regularly he would halt by a boulder, or reappear from some *chimisal*, where he had patiently halted. I was beginning to hate him mildly, when at one of those reappearances he drew up to my side, and asked me how I liked Dickens!

Had he asked my opinion of Huxley or Darwin, I could not have been more astonished. Thinking it were possible that he referred to some local celebrity of Lagrange, I said, hesitatingly:

"You mean——?"

"Charles Dickens. Of course you've read him? Which of his books do you like best?"

I replied with considerable embarrassment that I liked them all—as I certainly did.

He grasped my hand for a moment with a fervor quite unlike his usual phlegm, and said. "That's me, old man. Dickens ain't no slouch. You can count on him pretty much all the time."

With this rough preface, he launched into a criticism of the novelist, which for intelligent sympathy and hearty appreciation I had rarely heard equaled. Not only did he dwell upon the exuberance of his humor, but upon the power of his pathos and the all pervading element of his poetry. I looked at the man in astonishment. I had considered myself a rather diligent student of the great master of fiction, but the stranger's felicity of quotation and illustration staggered me. It is true that his thought was not always clothed in the best language, and often appeared in the slouching, slangy undress of the place and period, yet it never was rustic nor homespun, and sometimes struck me with its precision and fitness. Considerably softened toward him, I tried him with other literature. But vainly. Beyond a few of lyrical and emotional poets, he knew nothing. Under the influence and enthusiasm of his own speech, he himself had softened considerably; offered to change horses with me, readjusted my saddle with professional skill, transferred my pack to his own horse, insisted upon my sharing the contents of his whisky flask, and noticing that I was unarmed, pressed upon me a silver mounted Derringer, which he assured me he could "warrant." These various offices of good will and the diversion of his talk beguiled me from noticing the fact that the trail was beginning to become obscure and unrecognizable. We were evidently pursuing a route unknown before to me. I pointed out the fact to my companion a little impatiently. He instantly resumed his old manner and dialect.

"Well, I reckon one trail's as good as another, and what hev ye got to say about it?"

I pointed out, with some dignity, that I preferred the old trail.

"Mebbee you did. But you're jiss now takin' a *pasear* with me. This yer trail will bring you right into Indian Spring, and onnoticed, and no questions asked. Don't you mind now, I'll see you through."

It was necessary here to make some stand against my strange companion. I said firmly, yet as politely as I could, that I had proposed stopping over night with a friend.

"Whar?"

I hesitated. The friend was an eccentric Eastern man, well known in the locality for his fastidiousness and his habits as a recluse. A misanthrope of ample family and ample means he had chosen a secluded but picturesque valley in the Sierras, where he could rail against the world without opposition. "Lone Valley," or "Boston Ranch," as it was more familiarly called, was the one spot that the average miner both respected and feared. Mr. Sylvester, its proprietor, had never affiliated with "the boys," nor had he ever lost their respect by any active opposition to their ideas. If seclusion had been his object he certainly was gratified. Nevertheless, in the darkening shadows of the night, and on a lonely and unknown trail, I hesitated a little at repeating his name to a stranger of whom I knew so little. But my mysterious companion took the matter out of my hands.

"Look yar," he said, suddenly, "thar ain't but one place twixt yer and Indian Spring whar ye can stop, and that's Sylvester's."

I assented, a little sullenly.

"Well," said the stranger, quietly, and with a slight suggestion of conferring a favor on me, "Ef you're pointed for Sylvester's—why—I don't mind stopping thar with ye. It's a little off the road—I'll lose some time—but taking it by and large I don't much mind."

I stated, as rapidly and as strongly as I could, that my acquaintance with Mr. Sylvester did not justify the introduction of a stranger to his hospitality—that he was unlike most of the people here—in short, that he was a queer man, etc.

To my surprise my companion answered quietly: "Oh, that's all right. I've heerd of him. Ef you don't feel like checking me through, or if you'd rather put 'C. O. D.' on my back, why it's all the same to me. I'll play it alone. Only you just count me in. Say 'Sylvester' all the time. That's me!"

What could I oppose to this man's quiet assurance? I felt myself growing red with anger and nervous with embarrassment. What would the correct Sylvester say to me? What would the girls—I was a young man then, and had won an *entree* to their domestic circle by my reserve—known by a less complimentary adjective among the "boys"—what would they say to my new acquaintance? Yet I certainly could not object to his assuming all risk on his own personal recognizances, nor could I resist a certain feeling of shame at my embarrassment.

We were beginning to descend. In the distance below us already twinkled the lights in the solitary rancho of Lone Valley. I turned to my companion. "But you have forgotten that I don't even know your name. What am I to call you?"

"That's so," he said musingly. "Now, let's see. 'Kearney' would be a good name. It's short and easy like. Thar's a street in 'Frisco the same title. Kearney it is."

"But"—I began, impatiently.

"Now you will leave all that to me," he interrupted, with a superb self-confidence that I could not but admire. "The name ain't no account. It's the man that's responsible. Ef I was to lay for a man that I reckoned was named Jones, and after I fetched him I found out on the inquest that his real name was Smith—that wouldn't make no matter, as long as I got the man."

The illustration, forcible as it was, did not strike me as offering a prepossessing introduction, but we were already at the rancho. The barking of dogs brought Sylvester to the door of the pretty little cottage which his taste had adorned.

I briefly introduced Mr. Kearney. "Kearney will do—Kearney's good enough for me," commented the *soi-disant* Kearney half aloud, to my own horror and Sylvester's evident mystification, and then he blandly excused himself for a moment that he might personally supervise the care of his own beast. When he was out of ear shot, I drew the puzzled Sylvester aside.

"I have picked up—I mean I have been picked up on the road by a gentle maniac, whose name is not Kearney. He is well armed and quotes Dickens. With care, acquiescence in his views on all subjects, and general submission to his commands, he may be placated. Doubtless the spectacle of your helpless family, the contemplation of your daughter's beauty and innocence, may touch his fine sense of humor and pathos. Meanwhile, Heaven help you, and forgive me."

I ran up stairs to the little den that my hospitable host had kept always reserved for me in my wanderings. I lingered some time over my ablutions, hearing the languid, gentlemanly drawl of Sylvester below mingled with the equally cool, easy slang of my mysterious acquaintance. When I came down to the sitting-room I was surprised, however, to find the self-styled Kearney quietly seated on the sofa, the gentle May Sylvester, the "Lily of the Lone Valley," sitting with maidenly awe and unaffected interest on one side of him, while on the other that arrant flirt, her cousin Kate, was practising the pitiless archery of her eyes, with an excitement that seemed almost real.

"Who is your deliciously cool friend?" she managed to whisper to me at supper as I sat utterly dazed and bewildered between the enrapt May Sylvester, who seemed to hang upon his words, and this giddy girl of the period, who was emptying the battery of her charms in active rivalry upon him. "Of course we know his name isn't Kearney. But how romantic! And isn't he perfectly lovely? And who is he?"

I replied with severe irony that I was not aware what foreign potentate was then traveling *incognito* in the Sierras of California, but that when his royal highness was pleased to inform me, I should be glad to introduce him properly. "Until then," I added, "I fear the acquaintance must be Morganatic."

"You're only jealous of him," she said pertly. "Look at May—she is completely fascinated. And her father too." And actually, the languid, world-sick, cynical Sylvester was regarding him with a boyish interest and enthusiasm almost incompatible with his nature. Yet I submit honestly to the clear-headed reason of my own sex, that I could see nothing more in the man than I have already delivered to the reader.

In the middle of an exciting story of adventure, of which he, to the already prejudiced mind of his fair auditors, was evidently the hero, he stopped suddenly.

"It's only some pack-train passing the bridge on the lower track," explained Sylvester, "Go on."

"It may be my horse is a trifle uneasy in the stable," said the alleged Kearney; "he ain't used to boards and covering." Heaven only knows what wild and delicious revalation lay in the statement of the fact, but the girls looked at each other with cheeks pink with excitement as Kearney arose, and with quite absence of ceremony, quitted the table.

"Ain't he just lovely!" said Kate, gasping for breath, "and so witty."

"Witty!" said gentle May, with just the slightest trace of defiance in her voice. "Witty, my dear? why don't you see that his heart is just breaking with pathos? Witty, indeed; why, when he was speaking of that poor Mexican woman that was hung, I saw tears gathering in his eyes. Witty, indeed!"

"Tears," laughed the cynical Sylvester, "tears, idle tears. Why, you silly children, the man is a man of the world—a philosopher, quite, observant, unassuming."

"Unassuming!" Was Sylvester intoxicated, or had the mysterious stranger mixed the "insane verb" with the family pottage? He returned before I could answer this self-asked inquiry, and resumed coolly his broken narrative. Finding myself forgotten in the man I had so long hesitated to introduce to my friends, I retired to rest early, only to hear, through the thin partitions, two hours later, enthusiastic praises of the new guest from the voluble lips of the girls, as they chatted together in the next room before retiring.

At midnight I was startled by the sound of horses' hoofs and the jingling of spurs below. A conversation between my host and some mysterious personage in the darkness was carried on in such a low tone that I could not learn its import. As the cavalcade rode away, I raised the window.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Sylvester, coolly, "only another one of those playful homicidal freaks peculiar to the country. A man was shot by Cherokee Jack over at Lagrange this morning, and that was the sheriff of Calaveras and his posse hunting him. I told him I'd seen nobody but you and your friend. By the way, I hope the cursed noise hasn't disturbed him. The poor fellow looked as though he wanted rest."

I thought so, too. Nevertheless, I went softly to his room. It was empty. My impression was that he had distanced the sheriff of Calaveras about two hours.

Words of Wisdom.

He that is every where is nowhere.

Confidence generally inspires confidence.

Jealousy is no more than awkward homage.

The greatest scholars are not the wisest men.

Nothing is so uncertain as the minds of the multitude.

No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of folly.

To what use serves learning if the understanding be away.

The best government is that which teaches self-government.

If individuals have no virtues their vices may be of use to us.

Age makes us not childish, as men say; it finds us still true children.

Two things the most opposite blind us equally—custom and novelty.

Fishes live in the sea as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones.

A kiss ought to be a mark of honest affection, not a weapon of hypocrisy.

Prosperity does best discover vice, but adversity does best discover virtue.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonably than to cease reasoning on things above reason.

It is not enough to have great qualities; we should also have the management of them.

Let no man trust the first step of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice, whose steep descent in lost perdition ends.

The misery of the young man who courts a sparkling, fashionable belle and loses her, is only excelled by the misery of the man who courts her and wins her.

We observe with confidence the truly strong mind, view it as intellect or morality, or under any other aspect, is nowise the mind acquainted with its strength; that here the sign of health is unconsciousness.

We adore graves with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in the Holy Scriptures to those fading beauties whose roots, being buried in dishonor, rise again in glory.

The passions are the only orators that never succeed. They are, as it were, nature's art of eloquence, fraught with infallible rules. Simplicity, with the aid of the passions, persuades more than the utmost eloquence without it.

Oratory, like the drama, abhors lengthiness; like the drama it must keep doing. It avoids, as frigid, prolonged metaphysical soliloquy. Beauties themselves, if they delay or distract the effect which should be produced on the audience, become blemishes.

Health and Slow Pulse.

Some interesting statements are reported to have been made at a meeting of the Clinical Society, London, showing that a slow pulse may in no wise interfere with health. The most remarkable case, perhaps, was that of Dr. Hewan, as related by himself. It seems that, twenty-one years ago, after prolonged study and work, his pulse fell from seventy-two to fifty-five, and he felt very cold; from that time its frequency gradually decreased until about eleven years later, when it was but twenty-four beats per minute. Its present rate is about twenty-eight. Notwithstanding this, he has not suffered from fainting, fits or cold, is capable of great physical exertion—of which evidence is to be found in his ascent of a high mountain—and his digestion remains unimpaired. Another speaker said that Napoleon had a slow pulse, being about thirty to forty per minute; and another member stated the rate of a horse's pulse to be only sixteen.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Notes.

Running spring water is far better for cows whose milk is intended for first-class butter or cheese, than pond water or even than well water, since the quality of the water influences the milk as much as the character of the food.

Spruce butter tubs are the best; white hemlock makes a sweet tub; acids from the oak color the butter and injure its appearance; white ash gives the butter a strong flavor if kept long and increases the liability to mould; maple smells and cracks badly. Soak all tubs four to six days in brine before using.

Alonzo Crafts has found a good use for sour cider. He had a sow with a litter of nine pigs which the sow would not own, and towards which she was very violent, and but for their timely removal the little pigs would all have been killed. He gave the sow two quarts of sour cider and in a few minutes she lay down evidently "the worse for liquor." While she was in this condition the pigs were twice put to her to suck, and when she recovered from her "drunk" she owned the pigs all right, and now seems exceedingly fond of her progeny.

Have just examined a piece of evergreen sweet corn which was planted with seed selected by using only the upper ear where two grew on a stalk last year. The result is that nearly every stalk has two ears on; even five stalks in one hill gave ten good ears, and I think that there were as many single stalks with three ears on as there were with only one, but the two ears to the stalk were almost universal. Now, as we are so often reminded that we can improve our corn by selecting seed, let us take the more pains thus to improve this most noble American product:—*Rural Home.*

The farm of John Hawley, Brant N. Y., who has practiced the soiling system of feeding for some time, contains fifty acres, all of which, with the exception of a piece of timber and rough land, is under a very high state of cultivation. Upon the place are about ten head of cattle, two horses and perhaps a few head of loose stock at times. There are about ten acres devoted to small fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc., leaving but forty acres to furnish feed for the horses and cattle during the year. The cows are many of them grade Ayrshires, and Mr. Hawley is turning his whole herd, to this breed as fast as possible, as he thinks it adapted to this system of feeding better than the majority of breeds. To adopt this system, preparations must be begun in the fall, it appears, as some plant must be ready to cut early in spring. A piece of winter rye, large enough to furnish a month's feed or so, is sown in the fall which is ready to cut the latter part of April or beginning of May: then follows millet (two or three varieties), clover, sowed corn, etc. As fast as a crop is taken off another should be sown, thus keeping the land under crop all the while. Mr. Hawley claims that his soil increases in fertility every year; in fact, it looks reasonable that a lot of weeds will exhaust the soil just as much as some profitable plant. Then the manure pile is being constantly increased, and the more crops raised the more fertilizing material is there returned to it. Great care should be taken to save all the liquids.—*Chautauqua Farmer.*

Household Hints.

To Prevent Decay in Meats.—Sprinkle on plenty of pulverized borax; rub it well into the meat, and let it remain five or ten minutes on ice, or longer, if desired. Just before cooking wash it well in a strong solution of borax water, and do not rinse again. If it is to be boiled or parboiled, add a little borax to the water in which it is boiled; a quarter of a teaspoonful will answer.

To Keep Lemons Fresh.—Place them in a jar with water enough to cover them. They will keep fresh in this way several days without changing the water.

To Cure Bunions.—Bind a fine linen band tightly around the foot and over the bunion, sew it on if necessary, and wear it day and night; bathe the feet frequently in strong borax water, using a teaspoonful of pulverized borax to a basin of water.

To Rid a Dog of Fleas.—Wash him thoroughly with common soft soap, such as they use on board ships; or place him on a newspaper and rub Persian insect powder well over him, and the fleas will drop out on the paper and die almost immediately. This method is also effective with rats.

To Make Calico Transparent and Waterproof.—Take six pints of pale linseed oil, two ounces of sugar of lead, and eight ounces of white resin; the sugar of lead must be ground with a small quantity of it, and added to the remainder. The resin should be incorporated with the oil by means of gentle heat. The composition may then be laid on calico, or any other such material, by means of a brush.

Breaking Glass to Any Required Figure.—Make a small notch by means of a file on the edge of a piece of glass, then make the end of a tobacco pipe, or a rod of iron of the same size, red-hot in the fire, apply the hot iron to the notch, and draw it slowly along the surface of the glass in any direction you please; a crack will follow the direction of the iron.

Good Use for Soap-Suds.—Save your washing suds for the garden; if they are poured over the roots of the plum trees, they will kill the curculio; if turned at the roots of the geraniums, roses, etc., they will enchance their beauty tenfold.

To Clean Colored Silk.—Wash in warm soap-suds, rinse in clear, warm water, dry quickly, and iron on the wrong side while yet rather damp. If there are grease spots on the silk, press with a tolerably warm iron under brown paper.

Exercise and Occupation.

Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind—there are the grand constituents of health and happiness, the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a greater preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject; for the wind, the waves, the earth itself are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours of exercise every day, if possible in the open air, if not, under cover, will be almost certain to secure one exemption from disease, as well as from the attacks of low spirits, or *ennui*, that monster who is ever waylaying the rich and indolent. "Throw but a stone and the giant dies." Low spirits can't exist in the atmosphere of bodily and mental activity.

Farming by Wholesale.

The Taopi farm in Mower county, Minn., is on the line of the C., M. and St. P. R. R. It extends three miles one way by two and three-fourths the other. The crops raised this season were: 2,250 acres of wheat, 600 acres of oats, 100 of corn, twenty of potatoes, and 200 of timothy. Thirty pairs of horses and mules an average of twenty-five men are employed throughout the season, and during harvest nearly double the number. The farm is subdivided into tracts of two miles in length by one in width, and at the commencement of the plowing, four furrows around a track, making twenty-four miles, constitutes a day's work.

WITH THE TURKS.

What a War Correspondent Saw on a Turkish Train—The Wild Zeibecks Described.

A war correspondent traveling on a train in Bulgaria describes some of his fellow-passengers in the following vigorous and graphic language:

Arrived at the station, I found the Varna train already in and the platform crowded with the usual picturesque throng of soldiers, Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, which make a Turkish railway station in these warlike times a study for a painter. The train, which was of great length, and drawn by two powerful engines, was crammed from end to end with a regiment of Zeibecks, or Asiatic irregulars, the same gentlemen whose very irregular conduct at Constantinople and then at Varna has resulted in their being shipped off as far away as possible—to the banks of the Danube, at Rutschuk, where they will have ample chance of exercising their peculiar talents in the pillaging of deserted houses or in marauding expeditions into Wallachia.

At Sheitanjik, the next station to Shumla, where a halt of half an hour enabled the passengers to get some breakfast the Zeibecks poured out of the carriages by hundreds, and I was able to study them at my ease. Great, strapping, muscular fellows they were, clothed in all the colors of the rainbow, and with complexions varying from a light brown, not deeper than auburn, to a coal black. It is by his head and legs that the Zeibeck is to be distinguished from his Mussulman kinsmen in Europe. Although since their arrival in the country many of them have adopted the fez alone as headdress, a large proportion still retain the extraordinary coiffure in which they seem to delight. It is a complicated top hamper of turbans and handkerchiefs wound round and twisted in many cunning and rakish folds and piled up in a pyramid, on the apex of which, quite clear of the head, is placed a fez, with a tassel reaching to the shoulder. One huge dandy, a man of herculean proportions, in addition to the flowing tassel of his fez, had suspended from the pyramid a fringe of gay colored stuff, which dangled about his ears and round his neck. It was a headdress worthy of—and indeed very suggestive of—a red Indian chief. As to his legs, the Zeibeck is also remarkable. He wears short, baggy breeches, ending above the knee, which is left bare; from below the knee to the ankle his sturdy limbs are encased in greaves of cloth, embroidered and worked in fanciful colors; his feet, innocent of covering, are protected by stout slippers.

In their broad sashes the Zeibecks carry a whole arsenal of weapons; swords, long and short, straight and curved, with curious guardless hilts, sometimes beautifully inlaid or carved; daggers and knives, with sheaths of embossed silver; quaint flintlock pistols, with handles of ivory and damascened locks and barrels. Add to these a long gun, slung at the back, and you have a Zeibeck in his war paint. He has about him the means of putting to death by distinct and separate methods a dozen men; but as his range of smooth bore flintlock firearms and short swords is not adapted to modern European warfare, he is, so they say, to be armed and drilled at Rustchuk like the rest of the army of the Sultan, and instead of carrying the lives of many "Muscovs" in his sash he is to carry them neatly packed away under the spiral spring of a Winchester rifle. But, whether armed with a blunderbuss or repeater, the Zeibeck is said to be a desperate fighter, absolutely ignorant of the meaning of the word fear.

The words, "Biler pipe bust," shouted from the engine, probably did not convey much idea to our Asiatic friends, but the explanation seems satisfactory, for the heads went in as the train backed rapidly down the incline and again drew up at Sheitaujik, where we had to wait two mortal hours while the damaged pipe was replaced or mended. The train was emptied again and the Zeibecks scattered over the fields around the station, or squatted patiently about the platform. The European passengers by way of beguiling time began another breakfast, much to the astonishment of their Oriental fellow travelers who gazed in wonder through the window. Never touching wine or strong drink, and subsisting for days and weeks together upon bread and water, these abstemious, self-denying people might well marvel at the capacity of the Giaours. Before the damaged engine was ready for work again the sun had set and the hour of prayer had arrived. Along the entire length of the platform, with one accord, the Zeibecks ranged themselves in line. Facing toward the Holy City (Mecca), and devoutly putting off their shoes, they made their evening prayer. It was a most striking sight. A hundred pairs of hands were raised simultaneously in adoration, a hundred foreheads touched the ground together. Bristling with weapons and gay with all the picturesque variety of Eastern costume, the long line of pious warriors stood, knelt and was prostrated. It was the strangest "church parade" I had ever seen. *La Ilah il Allah ve Mohammed reoul Allah*—"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the right of God." Once more we were translated into the Middle Ages. Just as a robber baron of old would burn his neighbor's castle, carry off his wife and then found a chantrey, so these Mussulman freebooters of to-day will pillage a house, "find" a purse, and then put off their shoes and pray.

The Writer's Cramp.

A paper read by M, Bouilland before a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences gives an account of his further researches relative to lesions of the brain. In his former communications he demonstrated that the loss of speech was due to a malady of the third circumvolution of the left anterior lobe of that organ. He now goes farther, and asserts the three facultias which essentially distinguish man from other animals—speech, reading and writing—are each controlled by separate portions of the brain. In his researches he discovered that the paralysis of one of those functions could exist without the others being effected, and he gives as an example a case in which he was called to a consultation on a young man, whose avocations compelled him to write continually. At first the patient had felt a slight weakness in writing, then a great difficulty, and finally, an absolute loss of the faculty. The result of the closest examination could not detect any defect in the muscles of the arm or hand, the latter retaining all its sensitiveness and power for every other purpose than that of writing, and all his other functions being moral and in good condition. The conclusion arrived at was that the source of the infirmity must not be sought for in the external organs, but in the center itself of nervous action—the brain. The young man was advised to write with his left hand, which he rapidly succeeded in doing. The defect from which he suffered had long been known as writers' cramp, just as the loss of speech was for centuries termed paralysis of the tongue. Both designations were equally erroneous, both being now attributed to maladies of certain portions of the brain.

He that waits for repentance waits for that which cannot be had as long as it is waited for. It is obsurd for a man to wait for that which he himself has to do.

A LOST LIFE.

Memoir of a Man Who Died at Seventy-One, Yet Never Lived at All.

A few weeks ago there was found dead in his house at Dijon, France, Paul Legrand, a man of seventy-one, and a well-known character of the city. Evidences of suicide, in the presence of a half-emptied laudanum bottle, and a tumbler with the dregs of a dose of poison in the bottom, were at hand, and on the table beside them was the following most curious memoir—a memoir which will take its place in the collection of literary curiosities of the century, and by which the author seems to have proved, very conclusively for himself, at least, that, dying at the age of seventy-one, he had not really lived at all:

"All suffering, pain, ennui, despair, sorrow, desire and regret should be taken from our lives," he writes, and then proceeds to deduct those experiences from his own score of years, and to foot up the loss.

The whole memoir may perhaps be explained by one of the opening clauses: "At the age of three years I was weaned," it says. "At six I spoke, but badly; at seven years I cracked my skull, and at nine was cured. I therefore deduct these nine years from my existence—for it cannot be called life to drink the sour milk of the nurse, to speak incoherently, to crack one's skull.

"At nine years I began my studies; but having a hard head, in consequence of my cracked skull, I was slow of instruction. At the end of two years I knew my alphabet, but at what cost! The letter Z alone cost me 1,400 blows with a ruler, and the twenty-three others martyred me. At twelve years I could read, it was true, but my body was wealed with those alphabetical scars.

"They now endeavored to teach me Latin, and I forgot my French. At fifteen years I knew absolutely nothing at all, and in consequence of a bread-and-water diet was a mere skeleton. I therefore deduct, for my school days, six years more from my miserable life.

"At fifteen my father apprenticed me as clerk to a notary. Now commenced a new species of martyrdom. I rose at six, swept the office, built the fire, and was kicked by the head clerks, while my father, in consequence of the complaints made against me, deprived me of my dinner. The five years I spent this way I deduct off what is left of my life.

"At twenty years my father, disgusted with me, shipped me on a vessel at Cherbourg. I washed the forecastle, coiled the cables, climbed the masts, reefed the sails, and received at least thirty blows on the back with a marlinspike each day. This lasted for four years, and at the end I had no back left at all.

"At twenty-four years my father made me a mercer, and married me to the daughter of a turner. On the night of the wedding I discovered that my wife had a wooden leg, manufactured by her father. The poor woman made me a thousand excuses, and I pardoned her in consideration of her dowry, of 30,000 francs, invested in a mortgage on a Gaudaloupe sugar plantation. But soon the negroes of Guadaloupe revolted and burned my dowry. Nothing was left me but the wooden leg.

"At thirty years I lost my wife of a tumor on her good leg. I had passed the six years of my married life repeating every minute: 'What a fool I was to take that wooden leg!' I therefore deduct these six years from life.

"Having, like all the world, spent a third of my life in sleep, I deduct twenty-four years more, which is less than a just estimate, as I am a great sleeper.

"One year more I lost, minute for minute, in hunting for the key of my secretary, which I always mislaid. Three years vanished by my making such remarks as 'What time is it?' 'It is bad weather to-day,' 'I'm tired,' '*Mon Deau! Mon Dieu!*' etc. Six months spent in blacking my boots, and six in brushing my hat. One year lost in the between acts at the theater. Another in listening to new plays. One year again in complaining of soups with too much salt in them, of overdone cutlets, indigestions, and hard eggs. Total, then, seventy-one years.

"I think, then, that in rendering up my life to God, I am not making Him a present of anything of much account."

Why They Didn't Applaud.

Once upon a time "Comical" Brown—the name will readily recall the image of the substance—determined to give one of his side-splitting entertainments in a small town not many miles from Worcester. There was no theater building in the place, nor was there a public hall; but through the aid of several "prominent citizens" the vestry of a church was secured for the entertainment.

The sexton was a man noted all over the surrounding regions for the rigor of the decorum maintained by him in the church and for his summary manner of dealing with all offenders.

When the show people arrived he assisted them in arranging for the entertainment, displaying more kindness than his severe countenance gave any indication of, and when the curtain went up he stood leaning against one of the window sills at the side of the room.

At the close of the entertainment the sexton again took hold and assisted the show people in removing their properties. He seemed to be good-natured and talkative; while "Comical" Brown was quite the reverse.

"I tell you what," said the sexton with great enthusiasm, "you just want to bring this show here again some time."

"Guess not much," growled "Comical;" "once'll do here."

"Why? Wasn't the vestry full, and wasn't they just tickled to death—tickled all up in kinks, eh?"

"I didn't see anything of it. They just sat there; didn't laugh—didn't applaud"—

"Laugh! applaud!" ejaculated the sexton, in amazement. "See here, mister; I've been sexton in this church for nigh a quarter of a century, and if anybody had dared to laugh or applaud inside that door it would have been the first time in upwards of fifteen years."—*Worcester Press.*

Intelligent Eels.

The oddest pets yet are some eels that a Mr. Hale is keeping in a brook near his house in Rockport, Mass. After he had fed them several times he observed that they seemed to be waiting for his visit, and with a little training they were induced to eat food directly from his hand. Then they learned to play and fondle about his fingers, held in the water, and enjoyed his caresses. More recently, the largest one of the four, a huge old fellow, two feet long and very large around, allows Mr. Hale to take him entirely out of the water, slide him about freely from hand to hand, apparently enjoying the novel gymnastics. When Mr. Hale goes to the brook he calls them with a peculiar whistle, and they soon come rushing briskly from down stream. Not long ago he brought them the usual lunch of fish and mackerel, when only the large one came. The eel waited a few moments, then turned down streem and soon came back bringing his tardy family to supper. This shows there is no touch of the human in them, for any ordinary biped boarder would have pitched in without waiting, and cleared the table.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

A CURIOUS INDUSTRY.

A Worm Farm at Nottingham, England—How Worms are Collected and Raised fo the Market.

When at Nottingham a few days ago, I was much pleased at the discovery of an entirely new industry, namely, the rearing and education of worms for the purposes of anglers. Mr. Wells, fishing-tackle maker, of Sussex street, Nottingham, carries on a business and trade in worms. He has several people in his employ who collect worms every favorable night during the year. He sells the following kinds of worms, namely, the lob or dew worm, the cockspur and the ring-tailed brandling. In dry weather worms are scarce; the men have to water the ground for them. In wet weather the worms are better and heavier. They are caught in the meadows and pasture lands in the neighborhood; the supply is not failing.

The worms are sold by the thousand or the quart. In a warm, moist night from two to six thousand worms are brought in by the collectors. Some people can collect worms much better than others. The worms are very cunning, and are apt to pop back into their holes if the person treads heavily.

When the worms are brought in, Mr. Wells at once begins his training operations by placing them in properly selected moss. Stag's horn moss will not do at all, it is too harsh. Grass is bad. Field moss is the best. The worms are put into the moss to scour. A fresh-caught worm is very delicate and tender, and easily breaks up when put on the hook. When a worm is properly educated he is as tough as a bit of india rubber, and behaves as a worm should when put on a hook. The way to test a worm is to take him up and pass the finger gently down the length of him. If anything comes out of him he is not fit, and is put back for further training. The meaning of this is that the wild worms contain, more or less, food undergoing digestion. When put into the moss this food disappears. The moss in some way facilitates this operation, but I cannot quite see how this is, unless the worms disgorge all their former food, and practically become very little else than skin.

The keeping of worms depends very much upon the weather. They will not keep well above a week. Mr. Wells has a supply of worms ready for his customers all the year round. He goes over his moss very frequently, picking out the mauled and mashed worms, and only sending to market the plump and healthy ones, which are packed up for market in moss; the bags used are of light canvas.

Not only does Mr. Wells collect worms, but he also breeds them in considerable quantities. In his garden is a special heap made of vegetable matter, expressly for the purpose of breeding worms. I shall not, of course, say what substance for worm-breeding is most favorable; this is a professional secret. On turning the heap over where the worms are bred, it was very interesting to see the worms in various stages of growth. Mr. Wells knows from experience pretty well what the age of a worm is. I had the pleasure of pointing out to him the eggs of the worm. These are about three lines long, and somewhat oval. They had a sort of lid at each end, which opens when the young are liberated. I believe that two young are sometimes produced from the same egg.

The business of worm selling has been going on some ten years and is gradually increasing.—*Frank Buckland, in Land and Water.*

Who "Sitting Bull" Is.

A correspondent of a New York paper at Fort Walsh, in the British Northwest Territories, gives some interesting information concerning Sitting Bull, the Indian leader at the Custer massacre. It will be remembered that after the massacre of Custer's command, Sitting Bull eventually made his way to the British possessions, where he has been living in security. The correspondent says of him:

The mystery that has hitherto shrouded the person of the great Sioux warrior has been removed. In conversation after dinner with one of the police officers, he said that he was a native of Fort Garry, and an Alumnus of St. John's College there—statements which he himself afterward confirmed. Several old traders who have had a look at him declare that they remember him well as Charlie Jacobs, a half-breed who attended the college in its infancy thirty years ago. This young Jacobs was of Objibway birth, and was a remarkably intelligent lad, with ambition to become a "big Injun." He disappeared from Fort Garry about 1853. When asked by the police officer if he recollected anything about Fort Garry, Sitting Bull laughed heartily, and said he knew the principal people there, among others, Donald A. Smith, the Hudson Bay factor; James Sutherland, and Father Vary, now a missionary at the Sault. He was also well acquainted with the late James Coss, Chief Justice of the Riel-Lepine Government in 1869-70. indeed, he says they were boys together. Ross was a half-breed, who, after graduating at St. John's College, went to Toronto University, where he was a gold medalist. Sitting Bull says his father, Henry Jacobs, was at one time employed as interpreter by Father Prouix on Manitoulin Island, but whether the old gentleman is dead or not he does not know. Sitting Bull is thoroughly familiar with French and English, and several Indian languages. He is about forty-two or forty-three years of age, a medium-sized, athletic-built man, of no distinguishing traits beyond those always found in the half-breed. He is an excellent conversationalist, and will talk on every subject but his plans for the future.

Murdered by His Bride.

A rich miller of Hankow, near Eger, in Austria, aged sixty, lately married a girl of eighteen, who consented to the match on account of his wealth and the urgency of her parents. She was, however, deeply in love with the miller's foreman, and consented to the murder of the old man in order to free herself and enjoy his wealth. The wedding supper was largely attended by the villagers, and the festivities lasted all night. At daybreak the miller, according to custom, visited his mill and was pushed into the stream by the assistant foreman, who had been drawn into the plot under a promise of money. The water not being deep, the miller regained his feet, and struggled violently with his assassin, who was soon assisted by the bride and her lover. The two men held him under the water and the girl immersed his head, which she kept below the surface until life became extinct; she then took her lover's arm and coolly rejoined the guests, with whom she joined in the dance.

Clear as Mud.

The following is a literal copy of the address upon a letter recently mailed in this city:

For mister patrick Davy
Crarston rhode iland
in the state of neu york
teu be Handed to bridget
o flaherity teu be handed
for to her sister ann
madigan pautucket
rhodd iland teu remain
in the post offis till
called for monday week.

—*Boston Traveller.*

HANGING POCKETS.

Capture of a Sneak Thief who Picked Mrs. Minnock's Pocket—A Boy Illustrating the Ease of Picking Outside Hanging Pockets.

Shortly after eleven o'clock Saturday folenoon, says the Detroit *Free Press* of a recent date, Mrs. Minnock and her little daughter entered the Central Market. The lady had purchased and paid for some fruit and had placed her pocket-book, containing $12 cash, back in her pocket, when her little girl asked her to buy a peach, and Mrs. Minnock put her hand toward her pocket for the money. In doing so she touched the hand of Ernest Myers, who was just taking it away from the pocket and had the pocket-book in his grasp. Of course Myers immediately ran and Mrs. Minnock followed, shouting: "Stop thief!" The thief ran almost into the arms of Officer Sheppard, who had dodged around the market to head him off, but before his arrest he threw the money on the ground, where it was found. Myers was arraigned at the police court in the afternoon and was remanded for examination next Tuesday.

"That was awful clumsy work," remarked a boy about twelve years old, who saw Myers' attempt and detection while picking the pocket. Among those who heard the boy was a prominent lawyer of this city. After the excitement had subsided somewhat, the attorney, who had kept sight of the boy, asked him what he meant when he called Myers' work "clumsy."

"Jest what I said," answered the boy. "When a prize is placed under your nose, you'd be clumsy if you failed to nip it."

And when his interlocutor continued the boy proceeded with great earnestness to explain what "a big thing them outside hanging pockets is;" how he "wouldn't blame anybody for going through 'em." "Why," says he, "they're the biggest temptation on deck, and must have been invented to tease fellers who are hard up."

Deeply interested, the lawyer went on with his inquiries, which at last led to an exhibition by the boy on the promise that he should not get into trouble. He strolled through the market with his inquisitive companion, and on the way took four silk handkerchiefs and a diary from the pockets of five different ladies and put them back again without being observed by any person beside the lawyer. Then they walked up Michigan Grand avenue to the Russell House corner, and on the way the boy "nipped," as he called it, a pocket-book from the pocket of a young lady and handed it to the lawyer, who courteously lifted his hat and returned it the owner, as if it had fallen from her pocket.

Near the Russell House corner the boy attempted to "nip" a silk handkerchief from one of these "outside hanging baskets," as he termed the pocket, but the article would not come out, and the young expert turned to his companion with: "It's pinned! Now watch me do a good job." Glancing hastily around, the boy took a position just back of the lady—who was waiting for a car—and to all appearances was busily engaged in looking at a lightning calculator, who was lecturing to a street audience a few feet away. He stood there about half a minute, when he sauntured carelessly taward the lawyer, slyly exhibiting the handkerchief. Not satisfied with his work, the boy winked and again took his position near the lady. In a few seconds he attracted the attention of the lawyer and exhibited the handkerchief partially in the pocket, as though it had been pulled nearly out. At the boy's request the gentleman accosted the lady with

"Madam, are you losing your handkerchief."

"Thank you, but it won't fall entirely out," answered the lady, as she pulled upon it to show that she had taken the precaution to pin it into her pocket.

Thus ended the experimental trip, made in the most public part of the city, and in broad daylight and as the boy received for his reward a silver quarter, he shuffled off in the direction of the city hall, saying to his late companion: "Them pockets is the easiest thing in the world to strip, and I hope the fashion will hang on forever."

Death of a Noted "Medium."

The Sidney (Australia) *News* says: Mr. W. H. H. Davenport, one of the brothers whose performances as illusionists have created for them a world-wide reputation, died at the Oxford Hotel, King street, on Sunday morning, from pulmonary consumption. The brothers arrived at Sidney three weeks ago from New Zealand, where they had been giving a series of performances, but while there William Davenport broke a blood vessel, and came to Sidney under the advice of his medical attendants. He seemed to be recovering his health after his arrival here, and was in excellent spirits, but broke a second blood vessel again last Thursday week, and another one yesterday morning. This last proved fatal. He was attended here by Dr. Markey, who, however, with Dr. Halkett, held out no hopes that he would ever recover, the disease having taken a firm hold on his system. He had been suffering from phthisis for some years. He leaves a young widow, having been married five months ago. His funeral took place yesterday afternoon. Deceased was a native of Buffalo, and was well known here and throughout the country as a "spiritual medium," whose business it was, with his brother, to give what Spiritualists term "physical demonstrations."

A Little Off.

A Detroiter called at a livery stable to secure a rig to take his wife out for a ride, and he made it a point to ask for a docile animal. While the horse intended for him was being hitched up she reared up and acted very nervous, and the proprietor explained:

"You needn't be a bit afraid of her. She's simply a little off, to-day."

The citizen got into the carriage, was whirled around the corner, and nothing more was seen of him for two hours. Then he came limping back and asked:

"That horse was a little off, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, she kept growing offer and offer 'till I concluded to get out, and then the way she got off altogether was bad for the buggy. Go and get the pieces, and we'll settle up."

An Old Tombstone.—Workmen laying the foundation walls of the new Boston post-office, dug up seven feet below the surface of the street, an old-fashioned blue slate headstone, with the following inscription:

Here lyeth buried
Ye body of Joshua
Hewes aged 66
Years depared
His life ye 25o
Day of January
1675.

The Queen of Madagascar has by public proclamation liberated the whole of the slaves in the island. By a treaty with England in 1865 she engaged that the practice of buying and selling slaves should be discontinued, but her subjects having evaded the treaty to a great extent by pretending that their slaves were purchased before the treaty came into force, the decisive step taken by the queen has been rendered necessary.

JAY GOULD'S LAIR.

How the Great Stock Jobber Secludes Himself From Visitors—His Fifth Avenue Home.

A New York paper gives the following interesting information concerning the great financier's office and how it is run:

Jay Gould is a special partner in the firm of William Belden & Co., the other members of the firm being William Belden, Charles D. Belden, W. E. Connor, who is the member of Stock Exchange, and Henry Belden. In the struggle between the Atlantic and Pacific and Western Union stock in that market, last fall, William Belden made such a brilliant raid on Western Union, that Gould, whose interest in the rival stock were great, at once formed a business connection with him. The offices of the firm, at 80 Broadway, are characteristic in their arrangement. They occupy the whole of one side of the first story of the building fronting on Broadway, and overlooking in the rear Exchange Place, the scene of the recent assault upon Mr. Gould. A stout door-man stands half-hidden in the doorway, so that when a visitor who does not march direct to the windows of some of the clerks must halt and give his name, and the name of the member of the firm he wishes to see before he can enter. Then if he is to have admittance at all, he is permitted to enter into the front reception room, where one of the younger members of the firm, Charles D. Belden is. The room is richly carpeted, and has for furniture large, comfortable Shaker chairs, a lounge, and an office table, strewn with files of financial journals. In one corner of the room is a gold and stock telegraph instrument, which runs out a printed slip containing the gist of the current news—the winning horses on the race course and their time, the price of consols in London and rentes in Paris, the latest advances about the Russia war, whatever Washington news there is of importance, failures, suspensions, and so forth.

The reception room at the end of the building is easy enough of access, but the office at the other end of the narrow hall into which one steps on entering the office is closed to the outside world. "That is J. G.'s private office," a young man in the office said. J. G. is the only way Mr. Gould is spoken of in his office, except when he is in hearing. The private office is closed by intricate patent locks, and Jay Gould carries the key. He generally pursues a circuitous route by way of the front room to get to it, so that enraged antagonists can gain nothing by following him. The clerks are all in stalls. Three apartments are fenced in, in the center of the room, with wire mesh, and the entrance to each is in the rear by means of a door fastened with a patent lock. Communication between the different departments is practically cut off. The customers are received at the front opening in the wire fence, and hastily disposed of. Behind the inclosure where the clerical work is done is a passage three feet wide, leading from the front office to the rear. It is closed at both ends with patent spring lock doors. A half dozen neatly dressed boys sit on a bench close to the wall in the passage, to run about the offices or to the exchange, when the telegraphic alarm beside them is sounded. In another narrow box, with glass surroundings instead of wire, a telegraph operator sits in front of four instruments. When Mr. Gould is traveling the messages come in thick and fast all day long, and he is informed by telegraph of everything that is going on. When Mr. Gould is in his Fifth avenue house he sits beside his operator there and confers with some member of his firm who is in the office. A window opens into the private office, and when there is a secret conference it is closed and fastened on the inside, so that even the operator cannot hear what is said.

The office has two beautiful French walnut desks in it, each with a soft leather chair before it. Rich furniture fills the room. There are news and stock telegraph instruments in each corner, which all day long unwind their printed tape. The place is filled with the roar and bellowing of the Stock Exchange, just across the street. Gould can stand at one of the windows and see the mass of madly acting men hustling each other about the Exchange floor, and shaking their hands like boys with burnt fingers. His desk is filled with few papers as most of his work which brings his papers into use is in his house. There was at noon, when the writer was in the office, a table spread for lunch. Its linen was spotless and glossy, the glassware delicate, and the silverware rich. A black walnut sideboard in the room was open, and revealed many jars and bottles that are treasures of good things for a lunch. The food comes from a restaurant near by. Gould saves time by having his meal thus served, and eat without being in fear of an assault before he gets through. A door next to Mr. Gould's private desk was observed to have a key in the lock. "That opens into Jim Keene's office," said a young gentleman. "He can come right in here to see J. G., that is, when J. G. chooses to let him in." A stairway about a foot and a half wide leads from the narrow passageway, which connects with the front and rear offices, down into the basement and out into Broadway. It is the most secret of all the arrangements of the office, and would prove highly convenient in case a maddened mob of brokers should besiege the offices.

In Mr. Gould's Fifth avenue house he has four operators, so that what messages he sends by one are not known to the others. He has a private office there too, where he works early and late. He keeps a set of books in which he records information about the stocks in which he deals. He is said to own $12,000,000 in Union Pacific stock. Every day he jots down the estimated earnings of the road as they are reported to him by telegraph, and no eye but his sees that book.

American Girls.

This is what the *American Register* tells the Parisians, perverted by the libels of "L'Oncle Sam:" "Your true American girl is a very charming being. Like all creatures reared in freedom, she possesses an untaught grace and vigor of mind as well as of body. She is no helpless puppet, as is her European prototype, pulled about by hidden wires, and kept perpetually in a box. Bred amid the healthful atmosphere of a social system of exceptional purity, respected, honored and guarded from babyhood by the chivalrous natures that surround her, she learns to think and act aright. It is well-nigh impossible to over-estimate her influence on our social system. Reared at her side, the American youth grows up with an instinctive reverence for, and desire to protect, helpless innocence and maidenly purity. The salons to which she lends the charm of her winning graces and youthful sweetness are more potent for good than were the salons of Recamier or De Stael. The love that she inspires is a young man's best shield against temptation. She does not herself understand, the smiling maiden, what good she has done and is doing every day. Yet her white image has waved back many a youth from the pathway of temptation, her clear eyes lent light to the comprehension of better things."

The Children.

"Isn't it always so?" exclaimed a mother, in despairing tones. "Can you ever get a child to show off when you wish it to?"

And there sat her obdurate toddler, outwardly serene, in its enjoyment of a candy bribe, but all aflame with inward determination not to sing "Bobby Shafter." He simply represents "a large and growing class of the community," as the newspapers say; and so his case is worthy of consideration. He's the average child, and we may all learn a lesson from him, for the benefit of the present race of little ones.

We can resolve that all precocious development is hurtful; premature ability, premature politeness, premature goodness, even! Heaven shield them all from aught that will stiffen them too soon into little men and women!

Woman's province—The Isle of Man.

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ..........EDITOR.

—:0:—

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Oct. 11, 1877.

STATE DEM. TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE.
JOHN TRUNKEY, of Venango.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL.
WM. P. SCHELL, of Bedford.

FOR STATE TREASURER.
Col. A. C. NOYES, of Clinton

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
DAVID F. FORTNEY.

Clem Dale relies upon his personal popularity to reach the district attorneyship. We will not stop at all to dispute that Clem has quite a stock of "personal popularity"—and it is a nice thing to carry, indeed—but then you see Fortney has a majority of voters to carry *him*, and that's what throws "personal popularity" in the shade. D'ye see it, Clem?

"William B. Hart, the Republican candidate for State Treasurer, is a representative man in the truest sense of the word." So says the Harrisburg Telegraph. We say so too. He represents the Cameron gang of treasury thieves in "the truest sense of the word," and they nominated him. He represents the treasury leeches who for years have plundered Pennsylvania, and who had Hart in their employ all the time as clerk, and where he has been schooled in the "ways that are dark," and his election will simply be a continuation of the old regime. Centre county will give him a Heartless blow.

The Lewistown Gazette last week came to us crying because Judge Elwell declined a nomination from the labor party. The Gazette says the labor conventions meet, make nominations and then the democrats decline leaving the repubs alone on the ticket.

Boo—hoo,
Let'em decline too.

In the New York republican state convention, when George Wm. Curtis offered a resolution "that the lawful title of Rutherford B. Hayes to the Presidency is as clear and perfect as that of George Washington," it was voted down by yeas 109, nays 295. Now let Hayes resign.

Gen. Miles has attacked chief Joseph and had a great battle on Snake Creek. The Indian loss is 17 killed and 40 wounded. Gen. Miles had 24 killed and 40 wounded. The red-skins are surrounded and kept under fire. The fight took place on 3rd.

Ohio spoke on Tuesday. In another column the Reporter's rooster proclaims the result. Ohio says she will not sustain a fraudulent President even if he be one of her own sons. Next we will hear New York and Pennsylvania render their verdict against the great crime that was committed in seating a man as President who was defeated at the polls.

The republican candidates for Aud. General and State Treasurer, Passmore and Hart, were on the Centre co. fair ground on Friday, glad to shake hands with any body. A second balloon might very speedily have been inflated by the amount of gas that escaped from Passmore. Hart was a little more reserved and seemed to look as though there was a funeral ahead.

The labor party in Philadelphia have nominated Benjamin Harris Brewster as their candidate for district attorney. Mr. Brewster will be remembered as a distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar, and a great light in the republican party. His nomination is as an anti-Cameron man, and will give the regular republican nominee no little trouble to keep votes enough to elect him.

Ex-congressman Gen. Negley has been indicted for defrauding the government. Thus another republican light has flickered. A fraudulent timber claim of $20,000 is Negley's sin.

Patterson and half a dozen other carpet baggers are ordered to be arrested for robbing South Carolina. Let the day of reckoning come right speedily and justice be done.

The democrats will have a majority of 13 in the next congress, according to the complete roll.

On Tuesday elections were held in Ohio and Iowa for state officers. Both elect governors.

Senator Morton is reported not so well the last few days.

At Hunters Point, N. Y., 9 million feet of lumber were destroyed by fire the other day, covering 20 acres.

John J. Patterson was arrested at Washington, on Saturday, as one of the South Carolina plunderers. Trial on 17.

Gold is down to 102½,
Ohio is clear and not Hazey.

RAILROAD TRACKS WASHED AWAY BY THE RAIN AND A LARGE NUMBER OF PERSONS KILLED AND WOUNDED IN CONSEQUENCE.

Phoenixville, October 5.—Last night a terrible accident occurred on the Pickering Valley branch of the Reading railroad about two miles west of this place, to the Pennypacker excursion train, killing seven persons and injuring about forty-three. The rains had washed away the track, and the train was carried down a high embankment.

Four more of the wounded passengers to the Pennypacker family re-union near Phoenixville have died.

Five Persons Killed near Milford, New Jersey.

Trenton, October 5.—The express train coming south on the Belvidere-Deleware division of the Pennsylvania railroad which ran into a broken culvert near Milford, New Jersey, last evening was completely wrecked. The train was washed out into the Delaware and now lies in the stream some distance from the shore.

The latest dispatches from Milford state that no bodies have yet been found, and that the conductor, and engineer and three passengers comprise the missing.

Engineer Killed near Fort Washington.

Fort Washington, October 5.—A bridge was washed out near Fort Washington, across the Sandy Run, into which the engine and an accommodation train plunged. The engineer, George Bartle, was drowned. No passengers were on the train. The train hands are somewhat bruised.

DEATH ON THE SEA.

Philadelphia, Oct. 6.—A special from Lewes, Delaware, states that the storm at that point last night was the most severe ever known at the breakwater. Five lives are known to have been lost and fifteen vessels were wrecked.

Twenty vessels, including three yachts, went ashore in Port Jefferson, L. I. harbor, during the gale of Thursday night. They are all lying high and dry and more or less injured.

The Reporter has never been in the habit of boasting, hence we will be pardoned for giving a sample of letters that we receive frequently. It is to us a very gratifying indication that the Reporter is a favorite with all its readers of which our steadily increasing circulation is an additional evidence:

WILLOW, Ill., Sept. 29, 1877

Dear Reporter.—Please find $2 for the Reporter. I get ten papers and the Reporter is the best I read. Send the Reporter as long as I live and I will send the money for it. I. W. PARKINSON.

Thanks to Mr. P. for his remittance and his kind words, as well as to others who have given us similar manifestations of support and warm approval of the Reporter.

THE FAIR.

Our county fair, last week, in respect to entries, and number of articles on exhibition was a complete success—exceeding any former year. The largest number of entries of any previous year was 1200—this year the number swelled to 1023. This shows that our people were alive and able to do something. The officers of the Society, aided by the Reporter and the other county papers, created an interest among our farmers, merchants and mechanics never before manifested. All the space in the large department for home manufactures, fancy articles, etc., was filled, and more than filled. The building for farm products was full to overflowing with articles that would do credit to any county in the state, and with which many would fail to compete. The officers deserve the thanks of all for the earnest with which they labored to make the fair a success, notably, President Hunter, Wm. Shortlidge, Sec'ry Magee, J. A. Woodward, and others.

The grangers made a special effort to represent the order, and did much to make the fair a success. The entries filled all the stalls for live stock, and some new ones had to be erected. The stalls never before came near being filled.

The rain on Thursday, we regret to say, told severely upon the receipts, as many hundreds who had contemplated going to the fair, were prevented on account of the drenching rain. Closing our eye to this unfortunate circumstance, the fair of 1877 was the best ever held in Centre county, and leaves the best encouragement for the future.

LATER.—The above was written on Thursday while all seemed spoiled by the rain. During the night clear weather set in, and Friday morning was bright though cool, and soon streams of vehicles went pouring through Bellefonte and to the fair, and at noon the ground was literally filled with men, women and children, horses and wagons—the largest turnout ever witnessed at any of our fairs—the receipts at the office were $1000 for admissions and with half price tickets indicated a crowd of at least 5000, to which may be added about 1200 who went in on complimentaries and life membership tickets. Thus the fair was a grand success—both as regards attendance and display—better in these respects than ever before.

Prof. Phillippi made his balloon ascension at 4 o'clock, seated on a trapeze, on which he cut his twisting performances as he sped through the air. The air-ship was carried directly over Centre Hall, where Phillippi endeavored to land, but the strong current of wind carried him two miles beyond, and he landed in a field on Brockerhoff's farm (occupied by Geo Goodheart) on the pike leading to Milroy. The balloon was spied by the people of our town as soon as it appeared above the mountain and all that were not absent had a fine opportunity to watch it in its course until it came near the earth and was hidden by the woods. A number followed and soon reached the place where it landed. Mr. Goodhart and Mr. Strohm and others living near where it came down found Phillippi on the ground, somewhat stunned from landing too suddenly and perfectly numb with cold. The balloonist when he ascended had on the usual showman's tights, and it being rather cool on terra firma it was much more so in the cloud regions, and he soon became so numb that he was unable to put on his other clothing he had with him, and the effects of the cold rendered him unable to properly manage his balloon; it was fortunate his landing took place as soon as it did, as he would undoubtedly have perished had he continued much longer and landed where timely assistance could not have reached him. The Professor was at once brought to Centre Hall with his balloon, and after getting himself thawed up and taking refreshments started on foot to Bellefonte, leaving his balloon, which was badly torn in landing by swinging against fences, in Spangler's shed.

Two of the republican candidates, Passmore for Aud. General, and Hart, for State Treasurer, were on the fair ground, Friday, shaking hands with any one that was presented.

The Centre Hall band was engaged to play duing the entire fair; the music it furnished was excellent and elicited praise from all.

On Friday the Zion and Boalsburg bands also visited the grounds and treated to fine music.

Our County Fair is among the things that are past and gone, and it becomes our task, of the peoples mouth-piece, to speak of the things we saw there, giving praise where deserved and censure where we think it merited. It was without doubt the finest agricultural Fair ever held in the county and we heard it remarked by a gentleman who had attended several this fall, both in this state and the state of New Jersey, that it far exceeded them all. Among the many beautiful exhibits, we noticed none that gave evidence of greater taste in its design than the exhibit of our druggist friend, F. P. Green. It was located at the entrance of the main building, in form a pavillion, wreathed with spruce intermingled with thorn berries and autumn leaves; on one side a glass show case filled with the productions of his skill in the shape of pomades for the hair, choice tooth powders, colognes and toilet waters; in the rear an upright show case filled with his well known family Medicines, on the side a show case filled with various surgical appliances—while upon all sides, suspended from brackets, hung gold fish in globes and canaries in cages, making it one of the most attractive places in the building, especially to the ladies—it added much to the beauty of the Fair and will no doubt pay him well as an advertisement by bringing the various preparations of his manufacture prominently before the thousands who visited the place—we will speak more at length on this subject especially of the extensive and beautiful exhibit of the Patrons of Husbandry.

—The exhibit, at our county fair, last week, of boots, shoes, gaiters, &c., by Johnny Powers, in the main building, was one of the great points of attraction. There was artistic skill in the arrangement for beauty, and at the same time so that his goods would show to advantage, and proved that Mr. Power's judgment for arranging things is equal to his rare faculty for selecting boots and shoes, a quality so necessary for a man in that line of business, yet in which many are wanting. It actually required two policemen at Mr. Powers quarters to keep the crowd in check that was so eager to see his goods. Many failed on account of the pressure but they consoled themselves with the idea that they could go and see at his store in Bush's block, where is the finest selection of boots and shoes, for farmers, mechanics, laboring men, women and children, to be found.

Mr. Malin, telegr. operator at Bellefonte, has our thanks for favor.

Don't depend on your neighbor's Reporter, but subscribe for it yourself.

ADDRESS OF COL. R. H. FORSTER.

DELIVERED AT HOWARD BEFORE THE VETERAN CLUB OF CENTRE COUNTY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1877.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Comrades of the Veteran Club of Centre County: As appropriate to the occasion which brings us together, I propose to entertain you for a short time, as well as I can, with a statement of the organizations which our county sent into the field under the various calls for troops in the late war of the rebellion; and also with a brief review of the services of a regiment well known to you, and to whose career many of you still glance back with profound interest and honest pride.

THREE MONTHS SERVICE.

Under the first call for 75,000 men to serve three months, the State of Pennsylvania furnished twenty-five regiments. Centre county was represented in these regiments by five companies, as follows: Company H, 2d Regiment; Company H, 4th Regiment; Company H, 7th Regiment; Company B, 10th Regiment; Company I, 15th Regiment. The aggregate number of these companies was about 400 rank and file, and their service, with the exception of H company of the 4th regiment, was with the army of General Patterson, in Maryland, and in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia. H company, of the 4th regiment, served at Annapolis, Washington, Alexandria and Fairfax. In the army of General McDowel the regiment belonged to the 1st brigade, 3d division.

While it was not the fortune of these troops to pass through bloody battles, they doubtless experienced many of the toils, hardships and privations of an army campaign in the field. An incident befell Company I, of the 15th regiment, which caused much anxiety to the friends of members of the company. The 15th regiment, with Gen. Patterson, crossed the Potomac from Maryland into Virginia, on the 2d day of July, 1861. Soon after the crossing had been effected, a detachment of Company I, consisting of an officer and thirty-four men, was deployed to the front as skirmishers. These skirmishers had not proceeded far until they were surrounded and the entire party captured by Ashby's cavalry. The captors were mistaken for Union soldiers and their approach was not opposed. When the mistake was discovered it was too late to resist. As prisoners of war, these men were immediately marched on foot to Richmond, and as they were among the first captures they attracted much attention, and, under the hot animosities of the hour, were no doubt the objects of many taunts and insults. After some time they were sent to New Orleans, where they remained in confinement until the approach of Butler and Farragutt in April, 1862, threatened that city, when they were removed to Salisbury, N. C. Soon after their arrival at the latter place they were exchanged, after having been held nearly a year. Six of the number died while prisoners; a proportion of their number that would scarcely have been greater had they been obliged to undergo the chances of a great battle.

THE THREE YEARS SERVICE.

The battle of Bull Run was fought July 20th, 1861, and while its results were indeed humiliating to the Union pride, it had the effect of arousing the North to a realizing sense of the fact that it had a great war, probably of long duration, on hand. It also demonstrated the utter folly of sending levies of raw and undisciplined militia, with short terms of service, into the field, in the expectation that armies made up of such material would fight successful battles. Many of the illusions of the hour were dispelled, and when the call for 300,000 men to serve three years came, the patriotic sentiment of the country proved equal to the emergency, and responded with favors and alacrity. In the three years service the following are the organizations credited to Centre county: Company E, 5th Penna. Reserves; Company E, 1st Penna. Cavalry; Company A, 45th Regiment; Company D, 45th Regiment; Company E, 45th Regiment; Company A, 49th Regiment; Company G, 49th Regiment; Company G, 51st Regiment; Company F, 56th Regiment; Company H, 56th Regiment; Company A, 148th Regiment; Company B, 148th Regiment; Company C, 148th Regiment; Company D, 148th Regiment; Company F, 148th Regiment; Company G, 148th Regiment; Company H, 148th Regiment.

We have here seventeen companies, or an aggregate of about 1,600 men. In addition to these companies credited wholly to Centre county, Company B, of th 45th, is credited to Centre and Lancaster; Company D, of the 53rd, to Centre and Clearfield; Company I, of the 56th, to Centre and Luzerne; Company F, 2d Cavalry, to Centre and Clearfield; Company E, 7th Cavalry, to Centre and Clinton; Company E, of the 93d, to Centre and Clinton, and Company K, of the 110th, to Centre and Clearfield. Centre county is also credited with men of the 16th cavalry, the 184th and in the one year service in the 210th. In these the company organizations to which the men belonged are not given. The county was not represented in the nine months volunteer or in the nine months drafted service, though one of the regiments of the latter was commanded by a Centre county soldier, who had previously served with distinction in one of the three year regiments. The aggregate of Centre county men in the various companies and regiments named could not have been less than 2,000.

MILITIA OF 1862 AND 1863.

In the militia called into service for the protection of the State in 1862, at the time of Lee's invasion of Maryland, the county sent the following companies into the field; Company D, 12th Regiment; Company C, 23d Regiment; Company F, 23d Regiment; and in the emergency of 1863, when Pennsylvania was invaded and the battle of Gettysburg fought, four companies were furnished, as follows: Company A, 46th Regiment; Company C, 46th Regiment Company C, Independent Battallion; Company D, Independent Battallion. To give a history of the services of these organizations would be to repeat the events of the war in almost every locality west of the Mississippi that was trod by the footsteps of a soldier. It would be to tell again the story of Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley; of T. W. Sherman at Hilton Head and the sea islands; of Burnside at Roanoake Island and Newbern; of McClellan on the Peninsula, and again at Crampton's Gap, South Mountain and Antietam; of Pope on the Rapidan, the Rappahannock and Bull Run; of Burnside in 1862, at Fredericksburg and later at Knoxville; of Hooker at Chancellorsville; of Meade at Gettysburg, Bristoe and Mine Run; of those who went to Vicksburg and faced Johnston on the Big Black and at Jackson; of Thomas at Nashville, and of that long bloody and toilsome campaign from the Rapidan to the James, thence to Petersburg with its trying days, and finally on to the surrender at Appomatox. It would be far too much for the occasion, and I can therefore only attempt a rapid sketch of the 148th—the regiment with which I was in a humble way identified.

THE 148TH.

Early in the month of August, 1862, and partly with a view to save Centre county from the operations of the draft then pending, it was thought that a regiment of volunteers might be raised in addition to the numerous companies already in the field from the county. Under the inspiration and influence of many prominent citizens, public meetings were held in various portions of the county, and earnest appeals were made to the young men to enlist, especially to those of some of the townships which up that time had not given as many men to the army as it was thought they might. By energetic and unceasing efforts, before the end of the month came, seven companies, numbering over 600 men, were recruited, and taken to Camp Curtin, at Harrisburg. For the time being it was thought this about exhausted the material of the county. These seven companies were composed entirely of Centre county men, except a sturdy little band from the wilds of Cameron county, who joined Company F at Harrisburg. Three other companies—two from Jefferson and Indiana and one from Clarion—were united to the seven, and formed the regiment known as the 148th. The regiment was organized on the 8th day of September, 1862. The Centre county companies were A, B, C, D, F, G and H; the Jefferson and Indiana and Clarion companies, E, I and K. The regiment marched from Camp Curtin on the evening of the 8th of September, and immediately began its career of service.

* The Army of the Potomac had been withdrawn from the Peninsula. Pope had been forced back to the defenses of Washington, and Lee was about to invade Maryland. To protect the northern communications with Washington, therefore, became an urgent necessity, and the 148th was one of the regiments placed on duty along the railway north of Baltimore. Starting by rail from Harrisburg, the morning of the 9th found us at Cockeyville, 15 miles from Baltimore. Camps were formed at Cockeyville, Luthersville, Gunpowder Bridge, Phoenix and Glencoe, covering about twelve miles of the railroad, with the regimental head-quarters at Cockeyville. The battles of South Mountain and Antietam were in the meantime fought and the tide of war again flowed back to Virginia. We still remained in Maryland and, under a rigid system of drills and inspections, the regiment made rapid progress in discipline, and in all the duties of the soldier in camp. About the only drawback to efficiency was in the arms received at Harrisburg—a short, heavy, unwieldy, worthless gun, surmounted by an ugly sabre bayonet and called the Vincennes rifle, calibre 69. When we joined the army of the Potomac, carrying these ugly implements of destruction—though they were not very dangerous—the boys were often taunted with being heavy artillery or dismounted cavalry, or a cross between the two—the gun representing the one arm of service and the sabre bayonet the other. To their credit, however, be it said, they bore all with as good grace as possible, though sometimes it did make them a little angry. These arms were afterwards exchanged for bright new Springfield rifles, and there were no more jeers or taunts.

The armies in Virginia confronted each other at Fredericksburg, and in the month of December the 148th was ordered from the pleasant camps of the past three months to the front. Passing through Baltimore and Washington—a tiresome march to Liverpool Point—thence by ferry boats across the Potomac to Acquia Creek Landing—another march of twelve or fifteen miles on a cold, dreary, drizzly afternoon and night to Falmouth, and on the 18th of December we became a part of the army of the Potomac, joining the 1st brigade, 1st division, 2d Army Corps. From that time until the end of the war the fortunes of the regiment were identified with the operations of that army.

We marched to Chancellorsville, and in the struggle of May 1st, 2nd and 3d, 1863, the metal of our ranks was first tested, and the severity of the test is shown by the long sad list of killed and wounded. The result of the battle was unfortunate, and we tramped back, through mud and rain, to the old camp near Falmouth. The prospect was not encouraging. A short ten days previous we had gone forth cheerfull and buoyant, with full ranks in splendid array. Just before we started the Governor of the State looked upon us, his neighbors and friends, with pride swelling his warm heart, and he spoke eloquent, hopeful words to us. After our return he saw us again, and to him what a sorrowful contrast! The ranks were no longer full; many noble fellows well known to him had fallen; many others were suffering from painful wounds; and withal there was no success to cheer and compensate. Vain indeed were his efforts to conceal his sad emotions. Looks or words could not hide them, and few that heard his touching and pathetic address in that dismal camp will ever forget it. Among those who fell were Lieuts. Wm. H. Bible and Frank Stevenson, both of Company C. Both were well known in the regiment and sadly missed. Lieut. Bible was cast in nature's biggest mould. His tall, commanding form always attracted much notice, while his many excellent traits had drawn nearly all his brother officers towards him in ties of warm friendship. Lieut. Stevenson also had many friends, who will not soon permit the remembrance of his happy, jovial disposition to drop from memory.

But it is not for soldiers to brood long in gloom and despair over the past. A few weeks given to recuperation, and the regiment was once more ready for the field whenever the summons should come. For this we did not have long to wait. Lee had begun his movement north which culminated at Gettysburg, and early in June, with the 2nd Corps, we started in the same direction, marching by way of Stafford, Dumfries and Occoquan to Centreville, and from Centreville to Thoroughfare Gap, where we remained a number of days. Here we found some of the cavalry of the enemy hovering on our rear flanks. They were not in sufficient force to do much damage but could cause annoyance, delay movements, occasionally kill or wound a skirmisher and pick up the stragglers. Thus it happened when we started from the Gap, we were obliged to make the march with some circumspection, and, in coming out, the head and flanks of the column were covered by a portion of the 148th deployed as skirmishers and flankers. There was little or no delay in the march, though a battery in position near Haymarket for a short time made it slightly unpleasant for the rear. Thence we moved by gum Springs to the Potomac, which was crossed at Edward's Ferry, and we reached the Monocacy, near Frederick, in Maryland, on the 28th day of June. On the 29th we marched to Uniontown, and it will long be remembered, by those who made it as the big march. The distance was thirty-five miles and the time twelve hours. It was an exhausting day's work, and many were the stragglers left by the wayside. We rested on the 30th, and on the first day of July went to Gettysburg by the way of Taneytown. It is a singular fact that while approaching Gettysburg not a sound of the conflict then raging between the advance portions of the two armies reached our ears, and not until about dark when an ambulance with the body of the lamented General Reynolds passed us, did we know that there had been a fight that day. During the night of the 1st we bivouacked to the right of the Taneytown road, within two miles of the battlefield. On the morning of the 2nd we advanced to the front, after an inspection of arms, prepared to bear our part in the great battle of the war. The action of the 1st had not been favorable, though it probably secured to the army of the Potomac the strong position held on the 2d and 3d against which Lee hurled his forces in vain.

The 148th went through the actions of the 2 days with much credit, and suffered severely in killed and wounded. The heaviest loss occurred in the evening of the 2d, while the regiment was engaged in front of Round Top. Capt. Robert M. Forster, of Company C, was killed and Lieut. John A. Bayard, of Company H, mortally wounded. Capt. Forster was an able officer and his death was a great loss. As a disciplinarian he had no superior in the regiment, and took great pride in always having his company in good condition for duty. Lieut. Bayard was a fine drill master, and the ease and grace with which he handled a company on parade was often the subject of remark.

After the battle we remained on the field over the 4th, and then moved around to the Baltimore turnpike, at Two Taverns. From there we marched by way of Taneytown and Middletown back to Frederick, by way of Crampton's Gap to the Potomac, near Williamsport, where we were again in the presence of Lee's army, the position of the 148th being directly in front of St. James' College. Lee withdrew across the river and we then marched to Harper's Ferry, passing over the old battle field of Antietam, and in a very few days we were again upon the "sacred soil" of Virginia. We marched down Louden Valley, stopping at Snicker's, Ashby's and Manassas Gap without encountering the enemy. Then we reached Warrenton, and from there moved across the Orange and Alexandria railroad to Morrisville, a short distance from Kelley's Ford on the Rappahannock.

The summer campaign now ended, and we went into camp to remain a number of weeks. It was here that the boys had a story about the Colonel being lost one night while on picket duty. As the story ran it might be called "The Adventures of a Lost Colonel in Search of a Picket Line." It was a dark, gloomy night, and in going to visit the line it is supposed he made a slight mistake in direction, and in wandering through the woods became somewhat bewildered. Suddenly the boys on duty were startled by a loud, strong voice, crying through the darkness, "Ho! boys! Ho! boys!" The voice was soon recognized, and soon the "lost was found." Of course the boys of the regiment would try to get as much fun as possible out of the mishap, and for several days mysterious cries of "Ho! boys! Ho! boys!" were heard about the camp. They usually came from behind a tree, a tent, or from some place of concealment where the eyes of the officers could not penetrate.

In the month of September of this year—1863—began what has often been described as the "campaign of manoeuvres," and not until December did the army rest. Crossing the Rappahannock, we first pushed forward to the Rapidan—the narrow stream at many points only separating the picket lines. After remaining here for a week or ten days, we were relieved by a division of the 6th corps, and marched back to the neighborhood of Culpepper Court House. Lee was soon discovered to be moving on the flank of the army, and on the 13th of October we began the retrograde march to Bull Run and Centreville. On the morning of the 14th the enemy struck us at Auburn Mills, or as the boys prefer to call it "Coffee Hill," and on the afternoon of the same day at Bristoe. It was a race to Bull Run and the Army of the Potomac won. Our friends of the other side followed up but did not push things to extremes, and there was no fight. Cautiously they withdrew, destroying the railroad as they went, and it became our turn to follow. Forward again, and we were soon beyond the Rappahannock—making the fifth time that we crossed and re-crossed that stream thus far in this campaign. On the 26th of November we started across the Rapidan to Mine Run. Nothing came of the movenemt; the 1st of December found us back on the Culpepper side of the river. In these manoeuvres no general engagement took place, but our marches and counter-marches, by day and night, were attended with great toil and many hardships. On the 7th we went into winter quarters near Stevensburg. Here we remained, with the exception of a day spent at Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan, where we made a demonstration in aid of a cavalry raid, until May, 1864. We were in comfortable cantonments, and the winter passed pleasantly enough for soldiers. The regiment received an addition to its strength of 283 drafted men and substitutes in the fall of 1863. These, with men returned from the hospitals, gave us a regiment once more strong in numbers. The new men, aided by the old material, made rapid improvement in drill and discipline, so that when the campaign of 1864 opened we flattered ourselves that the regiment was in a fine state of efficiency. "Colonel" said the general commanding the 2nd division of our corps, "you have a regiment there that I have always thought I would like to command. There is no militia about it." This to our Colonel we regarded as a handsome compliment. In the re-organization of the army we changed to the 4th brigade, our division and corps associations remaining the same.

May 3, 1864, we broke camp and entered upon that series of fierce and bloody struggles which marked the way from the Rapidan to the James. We crossed the river at Ely's Ford on the morning of the 4th and at noon of that day were at Chancellorsville, the scene of our first fight just one year before, where we bivouacked on the old battle field. On the morning of the 5th we moved a few miles to the right and took position on the left of the line of battle in what is historic as the "Battle of the Wilderness." In this grapple of giants we were fortunate enough to suffer no great loss. The 5th, 6th and 7th passed and we followed in the flank movement to Spottsylvania, our corps keeping position along the Brock road until everything had passed. We spent one day at Tod's tavern and reached the Po river on the 9th. In the action of the 10th the regiment was roughly handled and met with severe losses in killed, wounded and missing, the aggregate being about two hundred. On the 12th, in the famous and brilliant charge of the 2nd corps, the regiment was prominent and distinguished. The action began at early dawn, continued throughout most the day, and cost us another large list of killed and wounded. The Lieutenant Colonel was among the wounded, and was so unfortunate as to be taken prisoner. With that bravery and impetuousity so characteristic of him, he was last seen going over the captured breast works of the enemy. Waiving his sabre in the air and shouting, "Come on boys! this is the last day of the rebellion!" and it might have been nearly so had proper preparations been made to follow up the morning's work of the 2nd corps. Among the killed of the 148th, in these operations, were Capt. Thompson Core, of company K, Lieut. John A McGuire, of company I, and Lieut. James B. Book, of company H. The latter was well known in Bellefonte, where he had many friends, as he also had in the regiment. Lieutenant McGuire was a brave Irishman, who embodied all the inspirations of the robust soldier. He was uncultivated and yet an excellent drill master, seeming to know by instinct, as it were, all that was in the book and how to use it. It was a rare and enjoyable sight to see him exercising a company in the skirmish drill. The loss of Capt. Core was a grevious one and came unexpectedly from a wound in the arm. The wound was severe, though not at the time considered dangerous. Erysipelas supervened and caused his death. He was a large man, big-hearted and good natured, and by his unfailing kindness had endeared every one to him. He was also known in the regiment as a model of devotion to duty, always to be relied upon, under any circumstances, and never disappointing any expectations. An instance of this may be given. One night while we were bivouacked on the banks of the Rappahannock, Capt. Core was on picket duty in charge of a detail from the regiment. In the morning we crossed the river and by an oversight the pickets were not relieved and were thus left behind. After we had proceeded a mile or more the oversight was discovered, and a discussion arose as to whether it was worth while to send back after them, some thinking they might relieve themselves and follow of their own accord. The Colonel desired to know who was in command, and was informed that it was Captain Core. "Then go back immediately and relieve him. Core will not leave without orders, if he stays there till doomsday."

From the lines around Spottsylvania another flank movement was begun on the night of the 20th of May, and on the 23d we reached the north bank of North Anna river only to find the enemy in position on the opposite side. On the 24th the 2nd corps crossed over and took up a position for assault. No general attack was made however, and during the night of the 26th we withdrew. The movement back commenced at dark, but the skirmishers were not withdrawn until day began to dawn on the morning of the 27th. They were closely followed and some of the 148th made a narrow escape from capture. The turning movement was continued to the left and after crossing the Pamunky river near Hanovertown, the enemy was again encountered in position at Cold Harbor, in front of the Chickahominy. This was on the 3d of June. An assault was gallantly made, but in the end it was not successful. Our division entered the enemy's works at one point, but being unsupported could not hold them, and was forced back a short distance. Here Lieut. Jacob S. Lander, of company C, was killed. He was a gentle, amiable officer and was much lamented. The lines remained for some days in close contact and preparations were made for siege operations, but they were soon abandoned. It was then determined to move south of the James river, and Petersburg was reached on the 16th of June. In the operations around Petersburg the regiment was constantly engaged. It took part in the actions of the 16th 18th and 22nd, experienced hard fighting and met with very serious losses. On the 22nd the flank of the division was turned and a considerable number of officers and men of the regiment were taken prisoners. Capt. Jacob B. Edmonds, of Company C, was killed, and Lieut. Wesley W. Bierly, of Company A, was mortally wounded. Lieut. Bierly fell into the hands of the enemy and died in Petersburg. The regiment was also engaged in the actions at Deep Bottom, July 28th, Strawberry Plains, August 14th, and Ream's Station, August 25th. In the last action Lieut. David G. Ralston, another officer of Company C, was killed.

Upon the return of the regiment to the front of Petersburg, it was next, for some time, on duty at Fort Haskell and Steadman and battery No. 10, and in the early part of October changed its arms for the Spencer repeating rifles. It was one of the regiments selected by the corps commander to be thus armed, which was a compliment for past services and gallantry. On the night of the 27th of October a detail of 100 men of the 148th made an assault upon a fort in the enemy's line, and carried it, capturing part of a Virginia regiment. The prisoners were sent to the rear, but as the assaulting party was not supported the fort could not long be held, and in falling back a considerable number were killed and wounded. It was a brilliant feat of arms, and added to the reputation of the regiment, but it may be considered doubtful whether the gain compensated for the loss. Following this, the regiment did garrison duty in Fort Sampson, Gregg and Cummings.

We now came to the final campaign in the spring of 1865, which resulted in the fall of Petersburg and the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox. We find the 148th at Hatcher's Run, March 25, where Lieut. Jeremiah A. Sankey, of Company F, was killed, and at Adam's Farm near Five Forks, on the 31, where Capt. Samuel Everhart, of Company C, was killed. The fall of Captain Everhart made the seventh officer of Company C, killed on the field of battle during its term of service. It seemed almost like a fatality to be an officer of this Company, for its record in that respect is without example in the history of the Pennsylvania volunteers. Lee, with the remnants of his army, was now in full retreat. The Army of the Potomac was close upon his heels, and at Sutherland's Station, on the Southside Railroad, the 148th did splendid work on the skirmish line. By a skillful and finely executed flank movement, which permitted an enfilading fire with the repeating rifles, nearly an entire brigade was compelled to throw down its arms and surrender. For this the regiment was highly complimented by the general commanding the division in a special order. The results were 700 prisoners, 2 pieces of artillery and two flags. It participated in the final action at Farmville, on the 7th of April, and was present at the surrender at Appomatox, on the 9th.

The end had come and the Army of the Potomac retraced its footsteps to the neighborhood of Alexandria, passing on the way, through Richmond, so long the objective point of its operations. After taking part in the grand review, at Washington, the 148th came to Harrisburg, where on the 3rd day of June, 1865, it was mustered out of service, and ceased to be, except as it lives in history and in the recollections of its many friends. It would not be proper to claim for the 148th a greater meed of praise than is due to any of its sister regiments, yet to its surviving members it a matter of sincere and proud satisfaction, that they can appeal to a record blurred by no spot or stain of dishonor, and look back to a career of service conscious that it never in any emergency failed to perform its full duty. I thank you, my friends, for your kind attention.



OHIO ELECTION.

DEMOCRATS CARRY THE STATE BY 30,000!

Telegraphic despatches received from Ohio, say Bishop, democrat, will probably have 30,000 majority for governor. The Chairman of the rep. state central committee, Wr. Wilson, telegraphs from Philadelphia also, that from reports received, Ohio had gone democratic.

Now, then, let Hayes resign after receiving this rebuke from his own state.

JOHN S. MORTON ARRESTED.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26.—John S. Morton President; B. I. Stokes, Secretary; and Samuel P. Huhn, Treasurer of the Market Street Railway Company, and Geo. Vickers, the private Secretary of Morton were arrested this afternoon on a charge of conspiracy to cheat and defraud the company, and held for a hearing to-morrow. Morton gave $10,000 bail.

B. Frank Stokes, a friend of President Morton, and late Secretary of the Market street Railway, Philadelphia, has become a lunatic since the defalcation. He has labored under great mental excitement, and on Saturday began so show signs of mental aberration, which culminated yesterday in utter madness, and it was found necessary to take him to a lunatic asylum.

The famine in India is distressing in the extreme. The latest estimates place the number who have thus far died of starvation at 750,000. Reports from several districts show no abatement of the famine and the outlook in those localities is discouraging. It is feared that the mortality will be great before relief can be sent. There are more cheerful reports from Madras and Bombay, yet the people are suffering greatly and many more will probably perish from starvation.

NO EXCUSE FOR ANY ONE BEING OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Our attention has been called to some new and useful cooking utensils, recently invented which make baking and cooking a pleasure, instead of a dreaded necessity. One of which, the Patent Centennial Cake and Bread Pan, made of Russia iron, is so constructed that you can remove your cake when baked, instantly from the pan, without breaking or injuring it, and you can remove the tube, and convert it into a plain bottom pan, for baking jelly or plain cakes, bread, etc. Another—the Kitchen Gem—a plated wire boiler or steamer to hang inside of an ordinary iron pot, for boiling or steaming vegetables, etc., which when done can be removed perfectly dry, without lifting the heavy sooty iron pot off the stove, avoiding the danger of burning the hands with the steam in pouring off the hot water, and the vegetables cannot possibly burn if the water boils dry, as the steamer does not touch the bottom of the pot. These goods are sold exclusively through agents to families, and every house keeper should by all means have them. A splendid opportunity is offered to some reliable lady or gentleman canvasser of this county to secure the agency for a pleasant and profitable business. For terms, territory, etc., write to L. E. Brown & Co., Nos. 214 and 216 Elm street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 26 sept.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

-GRAIN ELEVATOR-

—o—

SHORTLIDGE & CO,

—o—

BELLEFONTE, PA.

—o—

Have erected a new GRAIN ELEVATOR on their Coal Yard and are buying grain

AT THE HIGHESTPRICES,

in cash on delivery, for

WHEAT,
CORN,
RYE,
OATS,
CLOVER SEED &C.,

Unloading is done more easily and more promptly than any other place in town which makes the NEW ELEVATOR the most desirable place to sell grain.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

The only dealers in Centre County who sell the

W I L K E S B A R R E C O A L

from the old Baltimore mines. Also

SHAMOKIN AND OTHER GRADES

of Anthracite Coal dryly housed expressly for house use. at the lowest prices

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER.

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY.

DEALERS IN

CAYUGA GROUND PLASTER,

which is always sold at low prices, and warranted to be as good a fertilizer as an other plaster.

OFFICE AND YARD

NEAR SOUTH END B. E. VALLEY R. R. DEPOT

BELLEFONTE, PA.

S. & A. Loeb.

THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU,
THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU

TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN.
TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,

We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.

We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS

We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c
We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30.
We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c

We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents

We are selling—Damask hall & stair car't
We are selling—Damask hall & stair car't
We are selling—Damask hall & stair car't

We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.
We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.
We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.

We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50

We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3.00.
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3.00.
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3.00.

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00

We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25

We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50

We are selling—Calicoes at 5 cents.
We are selling—Calicoes at 5 cents.
We are selling—Calicoes at 5 cents.

We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts
We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts
We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts

We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts
We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts
We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts

We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents
We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents
We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents

We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25

We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50
We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50
We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50

In fact we are selling everything at prices that will convince all that we have touched the very bottom—no trouble to show goods for the purpose of comparing prices.

S. & A. LOEB.

Cheapest of All!!

largest of All!

BEST OF ALL!!!

MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Wolf's Old Stand.

AT

AT CENTRE HALL,

OVER 5000 YARDS OF CALICO, WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE IN THIS-SECTION.

We have the Goods! Prices Low! Selection Unsurpassed!

And we now extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons, and the public generally. Come! we will show you the BEST SELECTED STOCK, At prices lower than usual.

A full line of Dry-Goods,

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Wood and Willow Ware, Hats and Caps, and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above lines.

A LARGE STOCK OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING

constantly on hand.

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.

WM. WOLF.

IMPORTAN TO TRAVELERS.

—THE—

BUSH HOUSE!

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Has been recently thoroughly renovated and repaired, and under the management of the New Proprietor, Mr. F. D. McCOLLUM, formerly of Pittsburg, is first-class in all its appointments.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

Are offered to those in attendance at court and others remaining in town for a few days at a time.

The largest and most superbly Designed Hotel in Central Pennsylvania.

All modern conveniences. Go try the Bush house.

19ap F. D. McCOLLUM, Proprietor.

IRA T. COTTLE.

Fashionable Tailor.

Centre Hall.

Having opened rooms on the 2nd floor of Wm. Wolf's warehouse, he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of men's and boy's garments, according to the latest styles, and upon shortest notice, and all work warranted to render satisfaction. Cutting and repairing done. 7sept y

Best flour for sale by the sack.

J. F. HARRIS, DANIEL HESS, J. A. BEAVER, WM. WOLF, WM. B. MINGLE.

PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

RECEIVE DEPOSITS, and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.

WM. WOLF, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier

J. ZELLER & SON DRUGGISTS

No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c. &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept. may 81. 7?

D. F. LUSE, PAINTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.,

offers his services to the citizens of Centre county in

House, Sign and Ornamental Painting,

Striping, ornamenting and gilding, Graining OAK, WALNUT, CHESTNUT, Etc.

Plain and Fancy Paper hanging. Orders respectfully solicited. Terms reasonable. 20 apr tf.

CENTRE HALL

Hardware Store.

J. O. DEININGER.

A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.

Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Tea Bells, Carpenter Tools, Paint, Varnishes.

Pictures framed in the finest style.

Anything not on hand, ordered upon shortest notice.

Remember, all goods offered cheaper than elsewhere

W. A. CURRY,

Boot & Shoe Maker,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call. feb 18 1y

CENTRE HALL

Furniture Rooms!

EZRA KRUMBINE,

respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand and make to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS
TABLES, &c., &c.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. 1y

HENRY BROCKERHOFF, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO

(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)

RECEIVE DEPOSITS,

And Allow interest,

Discount Notes,

Buy and Sell.

Government Securities, Gold & Coupons

ap10'68tf

CENTRE HALL

COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keep on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Bodies for buggies and spring-wagons &c., of the most improved patterns made to order, also Gearing of all kinds made to order. All kinds of repairing done promptly and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

Thursday, Oct. 11, 1877

TERMS.—$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts. amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan 75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January 1875 and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall. J. M. GILLILAND, Secy. H. P. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall. C. F. HERLACHER, Secy. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H. meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. Leonard Rhone Master. G. W. BOAL Secy.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——STORE ROOM FOR RENT.—The undersigned offers the store room, known as Herlacher's old stand, at Centre Hall, for rent. The stand is a desirable one in all respects. Possession can be had any time after April 1st, by applying to J HENRY KELLER at Centre Hall. tf.

— Rain all day on Thursday last, 4.

— We had a heavy rain on Monday from 10 in the morning until dark.

—Appledumplings did not yield well this year.

——In Clearfield Judge Orvis disposed of the Turner case, by refusing to grant the prisoner a new trial, and he passed sentence of death upon him. The Defendant's counsel are now preparing the case for the Supreme Court.

——Mildness conquers—and hence it is that the gentle yet positive influence of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup overcomes so quickly the disorders of Babyhood. Price 25 cents.

——On Friday evening, 27, ult., Mrs Elizabeth Ettinger, of Aaronsburg, who is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. R. H Forster, at Harrisburg, met with an accident. A mis-step caused her to fall, whereby she broke her right arm, near the wrist.

——Linn's Annals of Buffalo Valley can be had of D. Derr, Bellefonte, or of J. B. Linn, Esq., Harrisburg, by sending two dollars.

——Mrs. Anna M. Weaver, formerly of Rebersburg, is about opening a new millinery and fancy store at Potters Mills. The ladies will find the latest styles at Mrs. Weaver's at all times, and prices low.

——We are under obligations to Prof. Bikle, of Penn'a College, for the Oct. No. of the College Monthly, of which he is the editor. This is No 7 of Vol. 1, and its contents will rank it among the foremost college magazines.

——There is constant complaint of high freight charges on the branch to Spring Mills—storekeepers say they can bring their goods just as cheap in wagons from Milroy or Laurelton. This should not be thus, and we trust that the railroad officials will see to it that the charges be reduced to correspond with other branch roads.

—— Centre Hall is now within an hour's drive from the railroad at Spring Mills, and next summer we expect to see the engine strike our town. Woodward is scarce an hour's drive from Coburn station, with a level road along Pine Creek. Aaronsburg and Millheim can reach Coburn station within half an hour's drive. Well there is so much gained—and no mountains to cross.

——It is estimated that Newman, at the famous Eagle Clothing Hall, sells more ready made clothing than any other five establishments. This is because he can supply you with any thing you need, and at lower prices than ever before known in this county. Newman was the man to bring down wearing apparel to prices to suit the times. The people owe him the most liberal patronage for it.

——On last Sabbath evening Rev. Dr Zeigler, of Selinsgrove, preached an interesting sermon, in the Lutheran church of this place, upon the subject of Justification. The church was crowded and the discourse was listened to with the greatest attention throughout.

——On Friday afternoon, at the fair, as Mr. Joseph Tressler, of Pleasant Gap, was driving on the trotting course, with wife and children in the buggy, his horse commenced to kick, breaking the dash and shafts, and then started across the flat. Mr. Tressler jumped out to take hold of the horse, but was thrown on the ground. The horse took to the ridge side of the ground, wheeled suddenly, and upset the buggy, which passed over one of his little girls, causing a fracture of the leg. The horse having pitched right in the midst of a crowd was secured at this stage.

——Pearce Leitzel has located at Walnut, Ks., and is engaged at teaching. He writes us that he likes the appearance of the country very much, and that the crops are good.

——On last Friday night, about half past ten o'clock, the large barn of Mr. Daniel Long, in Hartleton, was discovered on fire and beyond hope of saving. It was entirely consumed, together with all his crops which were stored therein. All the live stock were taken out with the exception of a horse belonging to Rev. Eusebius Hershey, of Rebersburg, Centre Co., who was in Hartleton that night. Mr. H. also lost his buggy and harness. Mr. L.'s loss is put down at $3500, upon which, we are informed, he had no insurance. The work of an incendiary, it is thought.—Mifflinburg Telegraph, 4.

——Michael Maize, living with D. A. Musser, Esq., of Millheim, as a hired man shot himself through the left leg, early on Tuesday morning. He got up a little before daybreak and went to his desk, in the bed room, to get something which lay on a little shelf in the back part of the desk. On the same shelf also lay a loaded pistol, which he accidently moved with his hand when it fell to the bottom of the desk and discharged. The ball passed through the front board of the desk, which is an inch thick, through Mr. Maize's thigh, and hit the wall, where it glanced. It is not known yet whether the bone is injured or not.—Journal.

——The mansion property of Gen. B. F. Bell, at Bell's Mills, Blair county, consisting of 170 acres of land, grist mill, saw mill and other improvements, was sold recently at assignee's sale to James Lowther Esq., of Altoona, for $21,000.

——Such of our readers as failed to get peaches for canning or drying, need not fret, the canned and dried peaches kept at Sechler's are better and cheaper and save you the great trouble of doing 'em up, you only need "put em down." This is a fact and to satisfy yourself go and see the canned and dried fruit at Sechlers, and you will be convinced.

——Persons wishing to advertise farms, sales, &c., will bear in mind that we offer to give a MUCH LARGER circulation through the Reporter on this side the county, than any other paper, and will forfit our pay if this is found not correct.

——Those who voted on age last year should pay a State and County tax on or before the 5th of October next, in order to secure a vote this year.

——Remember that Saturday, Oct. 6th, is the last day on which to pay tax or take out naturalization papers. Attend to these things in time.

WAGON FOR SALE.—A large road wagon, good as new, and which can readily be cut down to a plantation wagon, is offered for sale cheap, by JOHN WOLF, Centre Mills, Pa. 3t

A good horse will be taken in exchange for the wagon.

— Dr. Neff had his arm broken above the wrist and the wrist joint knocked out of place on last Thursday, by being thrown from his sulky which was upset. He was on his return home from a visit to a patient, and his horse frightened at some object, which the doctor could not see as the night was so very dark, and ran away. The horse became detached from the sulky upon its upsetting.

——A great many people after visiting the fair last week, next visited Sechler's famous grocery which excells any fair in the state for articles in the grocery line, and affords a sight worth seeing. You see there all kinds of dried and canned fruits, teas, cured meats, vegetables, sugars, confectioneries, glass and China wares, and hundreds of other articles grown and manufactured in foreign countries as well as in America. You can spend a half hour as profitably in looking around in Sechler's grocery as you can in any museum, and besides if you buy a bill of them, you are paid for time and trouble in the bargains you get.

——Mr. Cyrus Condo, a native of our valley, who has been in California for the last five years, and been here on a visit, left again this week for the land of gold. Mr. C. is engaged in mining for the precious stuff, and showed us a specimen of quartz about as large as a walnut, which was worth about $25. We just wish we had a bushel and 4 pecks of such lumps to lay by.

——A large boy by name of Long, living in the upper end of Brushvalley, a few days ago fell from a chestnut tree, a distance of some 40 feet, sustaining injuries which it is feared will prove fatal.

——Five car loads of persons from the lower end went to the Union county Fair, on last Thursday.

——The manufacturing of flour at the Stone Mill, by the new Process, is a grand success. They guarantee to make better flour by this process than was ever made in this section of country. All who have tried it agree that it has no equal. So give the new process a chance, at the Stone Mill. Patent for the new process applied for by D. M. Cowher. 11oct 3t

SPRING MILLS.

Many of our people went to the Union county fair last week, and some of them that attended our fair also, say our was the better one.

Coal trade is brisk. X.

Spring Mills, Oct. 9, '77

MR KURTZ: I desire to call the attention of Gregg twp. tax-payers to the new bridge, that is to be, across to the depot. There is an order out to open a road from Hixes store across Sinking creek to the depot, with bridge at said store. We want the bridge. The weather is getting rough and we should have a good road to the depot. The same parties that got up this road are trying to evacuate it and take it up Sinking creek some 400 feet. If this is done the location for a bridge will not be a good one, and more expensive. They ask a road to run up to the foot of Egg hill from depot, and from thence intersect the Georges Valley road, at H. Krunrine's stable, and vacate that part of road to the mill. Now who wants to drive up around by the depot across to Duncan's stable to go to mill? I trust that this part of the plan may not be correct. The bridge is not where it should have been, but as it is there, let us have our road before winter sets in. The bridge should be put where I. J Grenoble's foot-log is, and the road up to the depot from thence. Persons who wish to ship anything must drive through the water to reach the depot, all to please a few Gentlemen drop your petitions and let us have our bridge at once. Tax-payers, see to your interests. TAX-PAYER.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE of unseated lands. In pursuance of an act of Assembly passed the 26th day of March, A. D., 1824, the Commissioners of Centre county, will sell at public sale at the Court House in the borough of Bellefonte, on Thursday the 1st of November, A. D., 1877, the following described tracts and parts of tracts of unseated lands purchased by the county at Treasurer's sale, and which have remained unredeemed for the space of five years and upwards:

WARRANTEES.	ACRES.	PERCHES.	TWP.
Andrew Kuhns	114	00	Boggs
Valentine Meyers	415	00	Curtin
Richard Waln	415	00	"
Richard Tunice ½ of	415	00	"
John Myers	294	31	"
Christian Rohrer	140	00	"
Joseph Kelso	100	00	"
Jesse Brooks	415	00	"
Sam'l Baird	376	00	"
Martha Godtrey	294	31	"
Isaac Buckley	50	00	Ferguson
Jaslah Lusby	50	00	"
Richard Mosley	50	00	"
Henry Manlery	50	00	"
Unknown	150	00	"
"	271	00	Gregg
"	100	00	"
"	233	65	"
"	100	00	"
"	113	00	"
Richard Parker	400	00	Harris
Wm. Harrison	400	00	"
John Irvin	100	00	"
Unknown	150	00	"
"	125	00	"
"	150	00	"
Wm. Lowrie	106	22	"
J. Henry	315	00	Huston
—— Seely	270	00	"
Adam Kuhnes	63	00	"
Wm. Chancellor	200	11	"
C. Josephson	282	00	"
—— Moore	231	00	"
R Mulholland	100	00	"
Jacob Gratz	236	00	"
Andrew Kuhnes	131	00	"
Henry Phillips	433	00	Halfmoon
Ira Fisher	58	12	"
Robert Shaw	226	77	"
Wm Scott	298	32	Liberty
Sarah Wilson	60	00	"
Thomas King	30	00	"
Peter Swartz	30	00	"
Matthew Leech	400	00	"
R & J Hayes	200	00	"
Hugh Shaw	50	00	"
"	30	00	"
Christ Nestleroad ½ of	200	00	"
Margaret Bradford	310	00	"
—— Longbottom	40	00	"
Hugh Shaw	80	00	"
M'Coy & Linn	400	00	Marion
Unknown	200	00	"
"	147	00	"
Paul Zautzinger ½ of	199	00	"
J. McKinney	430	00	"
Unknown	125	00	Patton
Wm P Brady			
Charles Lucas	434	00	Rush
Davis Old	60	00	"
Hardman Philips	3	100	"
Adam Rerghert, jr.	433	153	"
Robert King	50	00	"
Rudolph Kelker	393	169	"
Hugh McIntyre	270	00	"
Hugh Patton	323	00	"
Sam'l Harris	50	00	"
White & Parson	250	00	"
James Allison	164	10	"
Thomas Grant	70	00	"
Robert King	100	153	"
John Hoover	150	00	"
James Harrison	75	00	"
Robert King	13	12	"
Hugh Hamilton	433	153	"
Christian Huber	30	00	"
John Lee	433	153	"
Thomas Grant ½ of	434	00	"
Robert Miller	433	153	"
Richard Malone	433	153	"
John McComing	313	173	Spring
Unknown	75	00	"
John Beck	100	00	Taylor
Jacob Beck	80	00	"
John Schenck	434	00	"
Daniel Beck	80	00	"
George Cowher	100	00	"
W. [illegible] Lyon & Co	176	00	"
Ann Arthers	200	00	"
John Copenhaver	100	00	"
James Walk	20	00	"
George Mong	100	00	"
Wm. Bourg	180	92	"
Sam'l Downing	301	00	"
Thomas Arthurs	408	00	"
W. D. Kuhnes	15	00	Union
"	10	00	"
Joseph Miller	70	00	"
John Dunwoody	150	00	"
W. D. Kuhnes	25	00	"
John Copp	180	00	"
Sam'l Philips	100	00	"
John Irvin	85	00	"
Boyce Davis	17	00	"
Wm. Kuhns	40	00	"
Sam'l Hayes	80	00	"
"	50	00	"
Charles Wilson	364	00	"
Mary Kerrigan	50	00	Walker
"	105	25	"
B. Russ & Co	50	00	"
John Baker	40	00	"
Margaret Daugherty	94	39	"
Wm. Ackert	143	111	"
Capt. Osman	200	00	"
Margaret Daugherty	111	42	"
Jane Miller	433	00	Worth
James Hawthorn	433	153	"

J. N. HALL,
AND. GREGG,
H. A. MINGLE, } Commissioners.
27sept4t

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

God Save the Commonwealth.

I, L. W. Munson, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said county of Centre, on

Tuesday, November 6th, 1877,

it being the Tuesday following the first Monday of November, (the polls to be opened at seven o'clock, a. m. and closed at seven o'clock p. m.) at which time the Freemen of Centre county will vote by ballot for the following officers, namely:

One person for Supreme Judge of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for State Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for Auditor General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for District Attorney for the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and townships within the county of Centre, are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines, at the public house of I. D. Boyer (Aaronsburg.)

For the township of Half Moon, at the schoolhouse in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for the purpose, on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter, (northern precinct) at the public school house in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter, (southern precinct) at the public school house at Potters Mills.

For the township of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall.

For the township of College, in the school house at Lemont.

For the township of Furguson, (old precinct) in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson, (new precinct) in the school house at Baileyville.

For the township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For township of Walker, in the school house at Hublersburg.

For the borough and township of Howard, at the school house in said borough.

For the township of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Show Shoe, at the school house at Snow Shoe station.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel Kline in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg, at the school house in Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For township of Huston, at the house of John Reed.

For the township of Penn, at the public house of Wm S. Musser.

For the township of Liberty, in the school house at Eagleville.

For the township of Worth, at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside, at the house of J. K. Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union, at the new school house in Unionville.

For the borough of Philipsburg in the new school house in said borough.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person, excepting the justices of the peace, who shall hold any office, appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the legislative, executive, or judiciary department of this State or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress, and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city or commissiners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of judge, inspector, or clerk of any election of this commonwealth; and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bellefonte, this 2d day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, and in the one hundred and first year of the Independence of the United States.

L. W. MUNSON,
12oct Sheriff of Centre county.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

October Term—3rd Monday, 15th.

Philipsburg—D Ayers, M Gowland.
Bellefonte—I V Tomas, D Derr, J A Mallory, F Mann.
Huston—J Brown.
Boggs—E Confer, R P Poorman, W Robinson, J Teller.
Spring—S Lyons, P Tate, J H Barnhart.
Snowshoe—I S Gunsallis.
Potter—Wm Boal.
Walker—H Brown, Ad Vonada, John Teats.
Unionville—S Brugger, G Alexander.
Patton—A Zellers, I Gray, D S Meek.
Liberty—J Wensel.
Harris—J T Ross.
Marion—D Harter.
Rush—B Coyle.
Burnside—E Zimmerman, J H Holt.
Haines—Fr. Limbert.
Gregg—D Runkle.
Penn—W F Smith.
Halfmoon—T Gray.
Union—J G Hall, D Spotts.

Traverse Jurors—4th Monday Oct.

Potter—L Rhone, Aaron Spangler, Jas Alexander.
Worth—A Shellenberger, S S Miles, J Ardry, P Williams.
Walker—H Beck, sr., Jacob Reber.
Boggs—D Poorman, J Shultz, H Heaton.
Halfmoon—G Grazier, H G Eider.
Miles—Jonath Kreamer.
Spring—Wm Kaup.
Bellefonte—G W Downing, A Snyder, H H Kline, And Brockerhoff.
Benner—Geo Hastings, Hez Hoy, H Eishburn, M Mease.
Ferguson—G D Donnelly.
Gregg—G Goodhart.
Snowshoe—G Fravel, A Campbell.
Harris—B F Brown, Em Reish.
College—J H Mithell.
Marion—John Hoy.
Rush—J W Collins.
Liberty—John Nestlerode.
Haines—Samuel Burrell.

Trial List For 1st Week Oct. Term, commencing 3d Monday (15th) of October.

James Lucas vs John Beckwith et al.
E L Wian vs M Marx.
Pack & Packer vs Mann & Confer.
Harper Bros vs Jac V Thomas & co.
Jos F Williams vs Hugh Adams.
" "
R F Rankin & Co vs Jas H Rankin.
J G L Meyer vs G W Hoover & Co.
K L Blood vs Samuel Brumgart.
" John Wolf.
W J Meek vs D C Meek.
Jona Wolf vs L F Albright.
Wm H Everett vs Jona Wolf.
C. T. Alexander vs Geo Foust.
John W Sholl vs L F Albright.
Wm Fulton vs Jno Divins.
David Betts use of vs Jo A Beightol.
Michael Carney vs E Perks & Co.
Jesse Stewart vs Hughes & Tate.
Edgar Reed vs E Perks & Co.
A M Logan vs John Bordrow.
Ira C Johnston vs Henry Gross.
Nancy Eberts vs Pa RR Co.
James Eberts vs "
I J Geary vs Thomas Taylor et al.

Trial List for 2nd Week of Oct. term Commencing 4th Monday, 22nd, of October.

J Z Long vs H Merriman et al.
E V Marsh vs W W Spangler.
Wm Campbell & Sons vs E McCormick et al.
S Silknitter vs J C Hoover.
James Gates vs "
J H Thomas use vs Jos Shirk.
J A Cryder vs H W Hoover.
S S Wolf's Adm's vs H F Kinsloe.
Jno D Lieb vs Wm Meyers.
E J Deshler vs W E Gann.
E R Fargo vs Jeo Klein.
Jos Strauss vs R Hayes.
Lock Haven National Bank, use of vs J A Quigley & Co.
Jno H Loneberger vs J Keller Miller.
Jas Gates use of vs C H Kephaert.
David Moyer vs Edward Brown.
John Hoy vs Wm Holt et al.
Geo W Stephenson vs N L Atwood.
J Zimmerman & Co vs Albert Owen, Owen & Co.
Owen Hancock vs McGirk & Perks with clause.
Com of Penna vs M J Dolan et al.
" Dolly Swires et al.
Adam Kreps vs J G & M Packer.
J K Henderson vs J H McMonigal et al.
Henry Hoffman vs Lyon & Co

BATTLE BEFORE KARS.

The Russians Assault the Turkish Positions all Along the Line and are Repulsed.

London, October 5.—Further particulars of the battle before Kars make it evident that the Russians assaulted the Turkish positions all along the line and were repulsed with heavy loss.

The success gained on Tuesday in the capture of the great Yagni hill, claimed by the Russians, and conceded by the Turks, did not compensate for the failure at other points of the line, and the positions carried have since been abandoned.

Notwithstanding the dilatory and fragmentary character of the dispatches enough has reached us to make it apparent the main action was fought on Sunday. The Turkish line extended Great and Little Yagni, two fortified hills in the Karukdara plain, as far as Ani on the Arpachai river, with the centre advanced towards the river and resting on Kezid Tepe.

The Russians, who had been reinforced both by new troops and those lately employed against the Circassian insurgents, commenced battle at daybreak on Tuesday by an assault on Great Yagni, which is the extreme outwork of Mukhtar Pasha's fortifications, about twelve miles due east from Kars.

Here the Turks seem to have been taken by surprise as much as the Russians were when Mukhtar won Kizel Tepe from them and compelled them to abandon their fortified camp at Karukdara. A single Turkish battallon defending Great Yagni, was cut to pieces or captured, after two hours' obstinate defense, which gave the Turks an opportunity to prepare for the next assault.

Up to this point all accounts agree, but regarding subsequent events they are very conflicting.

ITEMS FROM CENTRE HILL AND VICINITY.

M. Strohm has improved the appearance of his residence by having it painted according to the latest style.

Burkholders' are still impressed with the idea that lime is essential to promote growth in plants, since they are busy building a kiln for the purpose of burning this article. Previous experience has taught them that industry in this way is sure to success. We think that some of the farmers of this vicinity would do well by following their example.

We had the pleasure of seeing Phillippi and his gas toy, sail through the air and quite a nice sight it was for us. The balloon started from the fair ground at Bellefonte and was borne across the mountains to Centre Hill, where it descended to the earth. We soon arrived at the scene, and beheld the Prof. lying almost in an unconscious condition being so overcome with the cold. A large crowd soon assembled and began at once to render necessary assistance. MILTON.

Washington, D. C., October 5.—We have got the cyclone, equinoctial or something or other of that sort at last. Yesterday clear skies and balmy breezes deserted this section and for twenty-four hours one of the most violent storms of the year has been raging. Streets have been inundated, chimneys blown down, houses unroofed and a general deluge evoked in the roofless patent-office.

APPEALS ON UNSEATED LANDS.

The County Commissioners will meet in their office in the court house on the 30th and 31st days of October, to hear appeals on unseated lands, when all who are interested may attend if they see proper.

By order of the Board,
HENRY BECK,
11 oct3t Clerk.

A FARM FOR SALE.

Will be exposed to public sale, on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1877, the following described property, at the late residence of George Frederick, deceased, situate in Gregg twp, Centre county, Pa.

A Farm Containing 100 Acres

more or less; bounded by land of Daniel Kline, dec'd, John Tibbens' heirs, Michael Armagast, and others. The farm is

WELL WATERED;

besides a never failing stream running near the buildings, water is brought to the house in pipes; also a two story

DWELLING HOUSE,

Barn and other outbuildings; also sufficient Orchard of Apple and other fruit trees. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m., of said day, when terms will be made known. SAMUEL GRAMLY,
oct 4 Adm'r of Geo. Frederick.

HOUSE AND LOT AT PUBLIC SALE.

A dwelling House and Lot, 1½ miles from Spring Mills, on the Aaronsburg and Bellefonte turnpike, and within 1 mile of the railroad, will be offered at public sale, on SATURDAY, OCT 27, '77, at one o'clock, p. m. Fruit Trees, Water, and all necessary Outbuildings on the lot.

If said property is not sold on said day, it will be rented for one year.

THE HEIRS
27sep of Ph. Musser, dec'd.

PUBLIC SALE.—

Will be offered at public sale, at the residence of Jacob Moyer, de'cd, in Potter twp., on SATURDAY OCT 13, 1877, at 1 o'clock: 1 Horse, 1 Cow, 3 Hogs, one two-horse wagon, one 2-horse Spring-wagon, one 1-horse Spring-wagon, 1 Buggy, 1 Fanning Mill, 1 Plow, Harrow, Cultivator, Cornscraper, Hay ladder, 1 Buckeye Reaper and Mower, Hay by the Ton, 1 Bobsled, 1 Family Sleigh, 1 pair Tug-harness, 1 pair double Harness, 1 single Harness, Collars, Bridles, Flynets, a lot of Bees, and many other articles.

GEO REIBER,
J. S. HOUSEMAN,
27sept Adm'rs.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to sale by public outcry in the town of Boalsburg, near the premises, on Saturday,

OCTOBER 20, 1877.

The following described real estate, late of Ezra D. Brisbin of Harris township, dec'd, viz: a VALUABLE FARM, adjoining the town of Boalsburg, Harris twp, Centre county, containing

150 ACRES,

thereon erected a Two Story Frame Dwelling House, Log Barn and other outbuildings. Several fine springs of water rise on the premises. There is also a young and thrifty Orchard of choice fruits. The greater portion of the land is of excellent quality, and a part thereof is suitable for division into Town lots. The property will be sold as a whole or in part to suit purchasers. Sale to commence at 10½ o'clock, a. m., when terms will be made known by

SAMUEL GILLILAND,
20sept Administrator.

Fashionable Dressmaker.

The udersigned will, after the 9th Oct., 1877, open a dressmakers establishment in the house lately occupied by John H. Miller. All kinds of family sewing neatly done. Charges reasonable. Hoping to merit the patronage of the people of Centre Hall and vicinity by turning out neat and durable work. MRS. HARVEY SMITH.
20sept tf.

"Farmers' Mills."

J. B. FISHER, PROPRIETOR.

PENN HALL, PA,

Offers the HIGHEST market prices in CASH, on delivery, for

Wheat,

Corn, Rye,

Oats, etc.,

At the above well-known Mill.

Ground Plaster and Salt always on hand at the lowest rates. 20 sep tf

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates.

Iron, Steel and Nails. Locks, Glass and Putty.

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK—Spokes, Fellocs, Patent Wheels of the most improved patents; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the best stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

THE RICH MAN'S WILL.

The Mifflinburg Telegraph publishes the main features in the will of the late William Cameron. Hon. John B. Packer and Dr. Francis C Harrison are the executors of the will. The estate is to remain intact during the life of Mrs. Cameron, who is to have all the income therefrom. After her death the bulk of the property goes to the families of his daughters, Mary M. Packer and Jane Harrison. His grandchildren get ten thousand dollars each. The estate is valued at over a million dollars.

PRODUCE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, October 6.—Flour quiet; superfine, $4; extra $5 50; Pennsylvania family, $6 75@7 25; Wheat firmer; amber $1 44@1 45; red, $1 40@1 44; white 1 50@1 55. Corn firm; yellow; 62c; mixed 60@61½c. Oats quiet; Pennsylvania white, 35@39c; western do. 34@38c; western mixed, 32@34c. Rye dull at 67@70c. Butter firm; creamery, 30@33c; New York and Bradford county extras, 25@27c; western reserve, 24@26c. Eggs firm; Pennsylvania, 21@22c; western 20@21c. Cheese good; New York fancy, 13@13½c; western do 12½@13c. Petroleum nominal, refined, 13½@13¼c; crude, 10¼@10½c.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale, $7 00.
" retail, $8 00.
White wheat, 1 35.
Red " 1 35.
Rye, 60
Corn, shelled, 60
Corn, cob, 60.
Oats, 30.
Barley, rye weight, 56.
Cloverseed $5 per 64 pounds.
Potatoes retail, 30
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, 10 00.
Cayuga " $9 00.

MARRIED.

On 20th ult., by Rev. Dr. Hamill, Mr. Wm. Henderson, of Port Matilda, to Miss Mary E. Heston, of Oak Hall.

On 3, at the M. E. Parsonage in Pine Grove Mills, by Rev. H. Linn, George H. Bottorff and Miss Eliza Jane Coughner, both of Center county.

In the Presbyterian church, on Thursday morning, Oct. 4th, by Rev. Laurie, assisted by Rev. Miller, Mr. Daniel H. Hastings, to Miss Jane Rankin, both of Bellefonte.

DIED.

On the 5th, at Centre Hall, Mr. George Odenkirk, aged 72 years, 8 months and 10 days.

On the evening of the 4th, at Centre Hall, Dr. P. D. Smith, aged 53 years, 5 ms.

On 3 inst., in Hublersburg, Claytie May, only daughter of John F. Emerick, aged 1 year, 8 months, 22 days.

On 27th inst., at Bellefonte, Mrs. Frances M. Furst, wife of A. O. Furst, Esq., aged 36 years, 6 months and 20 days. Deceased was a daughter of Wm. Sanderson, Esq., of Bald Eagle township, Clinton county.

ANOTHER GREAT STRIKE!

J. BRACKBILL,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

has just received a

NEW ADDITION OF ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE,

to his large stock always on hand,

CHEAPER THAN EVER FOR CASH!

A number of Bedroom suites—walnut and painted suites.

Also,

WALL PAPER

2aug 3m.

HO! FOR

SPRING MILLS!!

Stoves! Stoves!

TINWARE!!

HARDWARE!!

A full line of all kinds of Stoves.
A full line of Tinware.
Hardware for all, Coachmakers and Mechanics included,
At the New Store of

6sept THOS A HICKS & BRO.

GET GOOD BREAD

By calling at the new and extensive bakery establishment of

JOSEPH CEDARS,
(Successor to J. H. Sands,)

Opposite the Iron Front on Allegheny street where he furnishes every day

Fresh Bread,
Cakes of all kinds,
Pies, etc., etc.,
Candies,
Spices,
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Fruits.

Anything and everything belonging to the business. Having had years of experience in the business, he flatters himself that he can guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

30 aug tf JOSEPH CEDARS.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

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DRUGS & MEDICINES,
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TRUSSES, SUPPORT'RS, BRACES
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Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only. Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

This Store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.

19aptf S. T. SHUGERT.

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Mrs. Anna M. Weaver takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Potters Mills and vicinity, that she will open a new and elegant

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Dressmaking in all its branches will be a prominent feature of the business. 11oct3m

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MOTZ & SNOOK.

Coburn Station.

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--ALL KINDS OF GRAIN:--

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Coal, Plaster and Salt

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WE HAVE THE GOODS!

PRICES LOW!

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And now we extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons and the public generally. We will say this, Come! if we do not show you

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AT PRICES LOWER THAN USUAL.

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Clothing, Carpets,

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Intending to continue in the manufacture of brick they will be kept constantly on hand, and fair inducements offered to purchasers.

17 aug tf. E. E. ZERBE

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If you want Furniture of any kind, don't buy until you see my stock.

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In all its branches. I keep in stock all the latest and most improved Coffins and Caskets, and have every facility for properly conducting this branch of my business. I have a patent Corpse Preserver, in which bodies can be preserved for a considerable length of time.

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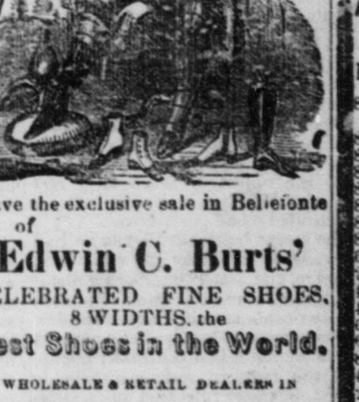
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CELEBRATED FINE SHOES, 8 WIDTHS, the

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It tones up and invigorates the system, dispels the gloom and despondency, imparts strength and energy—stops the drain and rejuvenates the entire man; been used twenty years with perfect success by thousands. Sold by dealers. Price, $1.00 per single vial, or $5.00 per package of five vials and $2.00 vial of powder. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Company, 109 Fulton st, New York. 20 mar. y.

$777 is not easily earned in these times but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. $66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co. Portland, Portland, Maine. 20 feb y

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ALEXANDER & BOWER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte. Special attention given to Collections, and Orphans' Court practice. May be consulted in German and English. Office in Garman's building. myy 24 tf.

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8 distinct va. m'thly roses, winter flowering.

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8	"	Zonal Geraniums,	w. f.
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8	"	Ivy Leaved,	"
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2	"	Double Camelias,	"
4	"	Azaleas,	"
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4	"	Double Violets,	"
2	"	Poinsetta, Scarlet and White,	w. f.
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6	"	Mosses,	"
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20-ep y.

STANLEY IN AFRICA.

Heard from after a Year's Silence—Making His Way from the East to the West Coast in the Face of Dense Forests and Savage Tribes — Suffering Incredible Hardships.

[From the New York Herald.]

After nearly twelve months of anxious suspense, during which the gravest fears were entertained for the safety of the gallant African explorer, the welcome news has at length come that Henry M. Stanley, the special commissioner of the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily Telegraph* has arrived on the west coast of Africa after a terrible journey across the continent along the line of the Lualaba otherwise the Congo river.

Stanley's dispatch is dated from Emboma, Congo river, west coast of Africa, August 10, and informs us that he arrived at that point on August 8 from Zanzibar with only 115 souls, the entire party in an awful condition after their long and terrible journey through the heart of the African continent. After an arduous march of many days through a country filled with difficulties, and being compelled to transport on the shoulders of his men every pound of provisions and other stores necessary for the transcontinental journey, and besides carrying in a similar manner the sections of the Lady Alice exploring boat and the arms and ammunitions of his party, Stanley found himself brought to a stand by immense tracts of dense forests, through which all attempts at progress were futile. Finding that he could not advance along the line he had first intended to follow, Stanley crossed the Lualaba and continued his journey along the left bank of the river, passing through the district known as northeast Ukusu. On this route he endeavored to find an outlet westward, but the jungle was so dense, and the fatigues of the march so harassing, that it seemed impossible for him to succeed in passing the tremendous barrier of the forest. To add to the horrors of his position in these Central African wilds Stanley found himself opposed at every step by the hostile cannibal natives. The savages filled the woods, and day and night poured flights of poisoned arrows on his party, which killed and fatally wounded many of his men. From every tree and rock along the route the deadly missiles winged their fatal course, and the heavily laden bearers fell dead under their loads in the dark forest. Only now and then could Stanley and his men reply to this silent fire with their rifles, for the savages kept under the densest cover and rarely exposed themselves.

Stanley's march through these cannibal regions soon became almost hopeless. There was no cessation to the fighting day or night. An attempt at camping merely concentrated the savages and rendered their fire more deadly. The advance was a succession of changes in rude skirmishing order by an advance guard, whose duty it was to clear the road for the main body. A rear guard covered in like manner the retreat, for, although advancing against one enemy, the movement was a retreat from another. All Stanley's efforts to appease the savages were unavailing. They would listen to no overtures, disregarded all signals of friendship and of mildness of intention and refused to be pacified with gifts. The patient behavior of Stanley's men they regarded as cowardice, so that no course remained open to the explorer but to fight his way onward and with as little loss as possible.

To render Stanley's position still more deplorable his escort of 140 natives, whom he had engaged for the service at Nyangwe, refused to proceed further on the journey and deserted him. They were so overawed by the terrors of the forest and the continuous struggle that they believed destruction was certain to overtake the whole party, and prudently resolved not to be destroyed. Finding that his ranks were thinned by the desertion of the Nyangwe men the hostile natives concentrated for a grand attack on Stanley, with the object of completely crushing him. It became necessary, therefore, to organize a desperate resistance, which was happily successful so far that it repulsed the savages for the time being and gave the explorer a chance to reconsider his plans and make arrangements to adapt them to his trying situation.

There was only one way to escape from the hapless position in which Stanley now found himself, unless he accepted the alternative of returning to Nyangwe and abandoning the grand work which he had undertaken. This was to make use of canoes. With the Lady Alice as a last reliance, and good canoes for the party, Stanley concluded that he could advance with a better prospect of success than in any other way. Although he had a decided advantage over the savages on the water Stanley still found that each day's advance was but a repetition of the struggle of the day previous. It was desperate fighting all the time while pushing down the river with might and main. Fortunately it was still the rifle against the bow, but then the bow was covered by the dense woods and the rifle was exposed in the open canoe. In the midst of these successive struggles Stanley's journey on the river was interrupted by a series of great cataracts, not far apart from each other and just north and south of the equator. To pass these obstacles he had to cut his way through over thirteen miles of dense forest and drag his eighteen canoes and the exploring boat Lady Alice overland. This enormous labor entailed the most exhausting efforts, and the men had frequently to abandon the ax and drag-ropes for their rifles to defend themselves against the continuous assaults of the hostile natives. After passing the cataracts Stanley and his party had a long breathing pause from the toil of dragging their boats through the forest. They were also comparatively secure from attack and took measures to recruit their exhausted strength before again encountering the dangers of the journey westward.

Although fighting his way continuously Stanley did not neglect the objects of his journey, and found opportunity to note all the interesting changes and physical characteristics of the route.

In order to avoid the struggles with the tribes of desperate cannibals that inhabited the mainland on each side of the river, Stanley's canoe fleet, led by the Lady Alice, paddled along between the islands, taking advantage of the cover they afforded as a protection from attack. In this way many miles down the stream were made by the expedition unmolested by the natives. But this safety from attack was purchased by much suffering. Cut off from supplies in the middle of the great river, starvation threatened to destroy the expedition. The most extreme hunger was endured by the party, which passed three entire days absolutely without any food. This terrible state of things could not be any longer endured, so Stanley resolved to meet his fate on the mainland rather than by hunger on the river. He therefore turned his course to the left bank of the Lualaba, and, with the singular good fortune that has generally attended him, reached the village of a tribe acquainted with trade. These people had four muskets which they obtained from the west coast. They represent, in a degree, the advance guard of civilization toward the interior of the continent. They called the great river Ikuta Ya Congo. With these friendly natives Stanley and his party made "blood brotherhood" and purchased from them an abundance of provisions, which were sorely needed by the famished exploring party.

After a brief rest Stanley endeavored to continue his course along the left bank of the river. But three days after his departure from the village of the friendly natives he came to the country of a powerful tribe, whose warriors were armed with muskets. Here for the first time since leaving Nyangwe Stanley had to contend against an enemy on almost an equal footing as to arms. He, therefore, prepared his party for a struggle the issue of which was decidely doubtful. No sooner did these natives discover the approach of Stanley's expedition than they manned fifty-four large canoes and put off from the river bank to attack it. It was not until after three of his men were killed that Stanley desisted in his efforts to make the natives understand that he and his party were friends. He cried out to them to that effect and offered them clothes as peace gifts. But the savages refused to be conciliated, and the fight proceeded with unabated fury. For twelve miles down the struggle went on, and it proved to be the greatest and most desperate fight on this terrible river. It was maintained by Stanley's followers with great courage, and was the last save one of thirty-two battles fought since the expedition had left Nyangwe.

Stanley's losses during the long and terrible journey across the continent from Nyangwe have been very severe. The continuous fighting in the forests and on the river reduced the strength of the expedition daily until it became a question whether any of its members would ever reach the coast. Stanley states in his dispatch: "My grief is still new over the loss of my last white assistant, the brave and pious young Englishman, Francis Pocock, who was swept over the falls of the Massassa on the third of last June." He adds: "My faithful companion, Kalulu, is also among the lost." On the same day that Pocock was lost Stanley, with seven men, were almost drawn into the whirlpools of the Mowa Falls, and six weeks later himself, with the entire crew of the Lady Alice, were swept over the furious falls of Muelo, whence only by a miracle they escaped.

Where Lightning Strikes.

To reassure the timid and nervous some calculations and directions for security, which, from the frequent occurrence and unusual severity of thunder storms, might not be unacceptable to some, are given.

There are seventy thousand chances to one against an individual's being killed in this way in the whole year. But as there are perhaps ten of these storms in a season, the chances of being killed are as 700,000 to one in any one storm. At the worst, there seems to be a half a million chances against a timid lady's having her terrors realized, according to the doctrine of chances. If she lies down in her fright, as she is likely to do, on either a feather bed or hair mattress, these chances in her favor are multiplied to at least a million.

Another consolation is that she has little to apprehend from a flash of lightning which she has leisure to see. As light travels 227,260 miles in a second, and lightning only 1,142 feet in the same time, you may easily compute the distance of the electric discharge. If 4.62 seconds or six beats of the pulse elapse between the lightning and the thunder, the discharge is a mile off.

To guard against possible danger on its near approach you may insulate your bed or chair by putting their legs on glass. Feathers and hair afford great security. There is also less danger after the rain has begun to fall copiously than before, because a moist atmosphere serves as a conductor for the electric fluid, diffusing it and conveying it to the earth.

A man who is wet, being a better conductor than a tree which cannot be so thoroughly wetted, ought not to stand under one, and animals, on account of their bodies, are always better conductors than trees. But though wrong to stand near a tree, you will be very safe a little beyond the extent of its branches —a position which ought to be chosen, as the higher object will take the lightning first—or you might stand on dry wood, wool or silk.

The middle of a room is safer than near a partition, and this than near an exterior wall. A building is a better protection than a tree; but a barn or stable containing wet grain or hay is worse than an open field. Sitting on horseback or in a carriage is dangerous.—*Worcester Gazette.*

Differences in People.

There is a vast difference in people. However moralists and metaphysicians may class them, there are opposite points among the most similar which are broad contrasts—sweet and sour, winter and summer—or any other proverbial antithesis. To some folks the leaves of a forest are all alike, and a school full of boys presents only so many fac-similies of each other. Such personages regard all mankind as so many bipeds; of the difference between them they are scarcely conscious.

Some people soothe one like a strain of music, while others agitate every nerve with the irritating power of a discord. How much might be said about the difference of people in their characters and actions. There are those who turn pale at the sight of cheese, and others who shudder at the mention of carrots; this one prefers hard eggs to soft, and that one does not like buckwheat cakes. These marks by which some of our race are distinguished from the rest, are but few of those which crowd the mind. There are people who actually detest children; those who never have a moment to spare and those who don't know how to get through the day. Your touchy people who are always pricking up their ears to catch the first faint sound of an insult, and your people without humor who can never either furnish a joke or understand one. There are two causes of the great difference perceptible in people. Much may certainly be ascribed to education, but much also to constitutional dissimilarity. Here is one on whom good music acts like enchantment; he cannot sit still while hearing it; his eyes fill with tears; he forgets all his troubles, and when the tune has ceased it is still in his mind, bursting out at intervals in fragments and exclamations, and keeping him awake in the night by its busy mental repetitions. Who shall say that his nature is the same as that of another who finds in the Italian orchestra only a disagreeable scraping, whose lips cannot hum, whose imagination cannot contain a tune? And thus on through life and in every day intercourse if we but obsereve a litte carefully, we will scarcely ever find two people alike—even those pursuing the same avocations and united by the closest ties, are oftentimes the most dissimilar in their natures.

A Russian General.

The Plevna correspondent of the London *Times* writes: Major General Scobeloff is a character—one of the most striking men I have ever met; he is a son of Lieutenant-General Scobeloff, of the Russian army, and has been in every campaign the Russians have had since he was old enough to enter the field.

In Khokand, where everything was considered in a critical state, young Scobeloff was left to cover the rear of the army with five battalions and twenty guns. His elders in rank and years had selected him to bear the disgrace of the expected catastrophe; but he did not fancy this situation of affairs, attacked the enemy (numbering forty battalions) in the night, threw them into a panic, and utterly routed them, remaining master of the province. For this he was made a major-general at thirty-one, and became the object of much envy and calumny at the hands of the officers whose heads he had passed over.

At the recent battle of Plevna he had his brigade of Cossacks and a battalion of infantry, the latter numbering about seven hundred men. Three hundred and forty of this battalion fell in the desperate contest, one hundred and seventy of them being killed outright; unsupported the remnant were compelled to fall back, but they retreated in good order, bringing away all the wounded, and actually left the deadly line of battle singing one of their wild but very melodious mountain airs. A major-general, thirty-three years of age, tall and handsome, Scobeloff is the ideal of a *benu sabreur* of the old Murat type. Brave almost to recklessness, yet possessing a certain shrewd aptitude for estimating chances and the strength of position.

He will make his mark in this campaign should his carelessness of personal danger not bring him before some fatal bullet—he has already been wounded six times during his career. Having been appointed to the staff of the commander of the Plevna army, he was on the way to the camp of his cavalry brigade to turn over the command to his successor.

What makes a man feel nobler, braver, happier, more independent and stayed up, as it were, as he walks along the streets of a strange city, than to feel himself flanked with a good-sized roll or two of bank bills resting snugly and affectionately up against his physical corporosity?

OREGON BILL.

Some Facts About a Noted Scout and Hunter.

William Spence, *alias* Oregon Bill, is in many respects a remarkable man. In stature he is about five feet nine inches. His compressed lips and well set jaws indicate a determined will. His nose is well shaped; his eyes are gray, but full of animation, and more especially when interested in conversation, and his forehead is high and well shaped. With these features he has long flowing black hair. The whole *personnel* of the man is pleasing, and in marked contrast with his reckless daring. He converses intelligently, and after the fashion of well educated men. As a hunter, trapper Indian fighter, marksman and wanderer he is justly noted. He has been for about eight weeks, and is still, confined to his bed, in this city, from a cut on one of his feet. He is, however, convalescent.

His birth place is Port Natal, South Africa, and he has hardly yet reached forty. His father having been killed in battle, his widow, with her son William, the subject of this sketch, immigrated to England, where, through the influence of friends, he soon was placed at the Royal Naval School at Greenwich, where his progress was satisfactory; but he could not be contented. His daring and adventurous nature sought the sea, and to a man-of-war he went. He was at sea for years, and during the time distinguished himself for his bravery in two engagements with pirates on the coast of Africa. He participated with credit to himself in the last war with Russia, and was present at the fall of Balaklava. Becoming averse to being further on the sea he came to America and joined the Hudson Bay Fur Company. For this company he travelled much among the Indians, gathering peltry. The year 1860 found him in Portland, Oregon; from thence he went to St. Paul, Minn.; here he remained one winter and was employed during that time by General Solly in a service that was at once delicate and responsible, which he discharged to the entire satisfaction of his commander. From St. Paul he went to Kansas, and there alternately engaged in driving teams and buffalo hunting. From 1860 to 1865 he was an Indian fighter on the frontiers of Kansas and Texas, and in an engagement with the red men on an occasion in which the whites were victorious, after a bloody hand to hand fight, he is said to have killed seven warriors with his pistol and bowie knife. During this period he spent some time in Missouri, and was at Independence during General Price's raid. In 1872 he went East, attracting much attention, his exploits having preceded him. His companions were W. F. Cody, known as Buffalo Bill, and J. B. Omahundra, *alias* Texas Jack. In 1873 he was the bearer of important dispatches to General Garcia, in Cuba, which he safely delivered. Returning, he came West, where he has since been engaged in trapping, hunting and acting as guide for foreign tourists. As an evidence of the man's wonderful accuracy in shooting, and it must be said also of recklessness, I will give two remarkable instances: In Portland, Oregon, he had a friend, John O'Madigan, now of this city. While O'Madigan was walking along the street smoking his pipe, and at a distance of ten feet, and at about a right angle, Bill suddenly drew his pistol and fired, the ball taking the pipe from the mouth of his friend, but doing him no harm. Again, last fall, Bill was in Lake City with deer for sale, and seeing his old friend O'Madigan passing up the same street, on the opposite side, he called to him to stop. When he had drawn his revolver John did so, facing him at the time. Bill fired, and the ball passed through the top of the hat of his friend. O'Madigan, in the best of humor, called out: "Bill, don't shoot any more; it is too close." The history of this remarkable man will at some future time fill one of the most important chapters in a book of romance.—*Denver Tribune.*

A Governor's Gratitude.

Probably the oddest genius who ever occupied a public position in Missouri was the late Robert M. Stewart. He lived in St. Joseph, where he rose in political power. The first president of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, he was called its father. He was elected governor in 1857.

When Doniphan's expedition was organized to go through New Mexico and co-operate with the main United States army in 1847, Bob Stewart was a member of a company raised in Buchanan county. Four days out his gun was accidentally discharged, the contents entering one of his legs, shattering a bone and disabling him. One of the company, William Grover, was detailed to remain with Stewart. Grover watched over his friend with the care of a brother, and Stewart, not then dreaming of his future distinction, said: "Bill, old fellow, I'll pay you back some day! The time will come!"

Ten years later Bill Grover, the friend of Stewart was arrested as a participant in a political crime, tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. Not long after his conviction, Stewart was nominated for governor. He saw his friend just before he was incarcerated, and said: "Bill, the first thing I do after I'm inaugurated will be to pardon you out. And I'm sure to be elected."

Bob was elected and inaugurated. True to his word and the native instincts of gratitude, he went to the penitentiary and inquired for Bill Grover. He was not there. He was one of a detail called out to dig a well in Jefferson City, and was then engaged in that work.

Off the governor posted to the well in which Grover was at work. On reaching the place, he leaned over the well and cried out:

"Bill, are you there!"

"Who's that?" asked a voice from the subterranean deeps below.

"It's me—Bob Stewart! Come up out o' there! I've pardoned you."

In a few minutes Grover was hauled up out of the well. Then was exhibited the curious spectacle of the governor of a great State walking through the streets of the capital arm-in-arm with a stripe-suited convict. He took his old friend up to a clothing store rigged him out in a new suit, and made him a guest at the governor's mansion, afterward providing for him a start in business.

A Bold Exploit.

The following is from the diary of the late Mr. Adolphus, the barrister and historian: "May 8, 1840: We had a dinner party, among them Mrs. Matthews and Curran, who told an amusing story of an agent to a nobleman in Ireland. It was known to some ruffians in the neighborhood that he had collected a large sum for rents due to his employer. In the middle of the night he heard thieves breaking into his house. He jumped out of bed, and arming himself with a carving knife stood behind the door, and closed it, so that only one could enter at a time, which one would be shown in the moonlight while he remained in the shade. Four of the thieves entered, and were dispatched one after another, those without not knowing what had happened. The fifth saw the gleam of the blade in the moonlight, seized the man, and a tremendous scuffle ensued. The agent struck several blows with his weapon, but made no impression. He was got down and his antagonist over him, when feeling the knife, he found the point was bent. He had the presence of mind to press it strongly against the floor, so as to turn it back, stabbed his adversary dead, and, as he was alone in the house and could have no assistance till the morning, retired to bed. He was knighted for the exploit. Some one said to him: 'I wonder you could go to bed while there were on the floor the corpses of five persons whom you had killed?' His answer was: 'It did make me very uneasy; I could not get a wink of sleep for nearly an hour!'"

Three and a half pounds of milk are equal to one pound of meat; and only estimate a cow to give 4,000 pounds of milk in a year, this would make the cow's product in milk equal in food value to 1,000 pounds of meat, and this 1,000 pounds of meat would require a steer, under ordinary feeding, four years to produce, so that the cow produces as much return from her food in one year as a steer in four.

THE PROPHET'S BIG WALL.

The Policy by which Brigham Young Strengthened the Mormon Church.

A writer in a New York paper says: One day I was riding with Brigham Young around the suburbs of Salt Lake. As we came in from the Hot Sulphur Springs, which run like a little river from the rocky base of the Wasatch mountains, about a mile north of the city, we passed a dilapidated *adobe* wall, a wall made from the unbaked clay. The wall had been eight or nine feet high, but it is now little more than a ruin.

"What was that wall built for?" I asked.

"That wall was built for two purposes," said the prophet. "It once extended all around Salt Lake. It was a little Chinese wall, with loop holes and gates and round houses."

"Then Salt Lake was once a walled city?"—

"Yes, it was walled all around, and the wall cost a great deal of labor, too. Hundreds of men worked all winter on it."

"But you have not told me the two purposes for which it was built," I suggested.

"Well, the chief purpose of this wall was to keep three or four hundred immigrants from being idle. You see, we had a large immigration one year, three or four hundred able-bodied men. They arrived in August, too late to do anything on their farms. Now, an idle man is always a bad man. Still, we had nothing for them to do. 'How can I employ them?' I asked myself. Then I thought of this wall. To make it seem necessary, we had to pretend that we were threatened by the Indians around us. This was easily done, for several parties of Indians had been hovering around the town. In a few days we worked up the enthusiasm for protection, and put these hundreds of idle men to work. The wages were small, but they all worked steadily during the whole fall and winter."

"And no Indians ever troubled the town?"

"No, and I never thought they would. But four hundred idle men would have troubled it. We were in more danger from idle men than from Indians. And this has always been my idea; whenever I have found an idle Mormon I have set him to work—kept him busy with his hands and brain, and then he is always sure to be a good citizen."

This I found had always been the Prophet's theory. If a poor immigrant came to Salt Lake without money, Brigham placed him on a farm and gave him implements and seeds. He made him self-sustaining. Everything in Salt Lake was built right there. A Mormon built the big organ in the tabernacle, Mormons build and officer their railroads, and Mormons are building their great temple. Before he died the Prophet had Mormon furniture factories, a Mormon mint where they once coined their own money, and six cotton and woollen factories. In fact, Brigham Young taught his people to make everything they ate, drank, or wore, except coffee, tea, sugar, pepper and spice.

The river running down from the Wasatch mountains behind Salt Lake is a good water power with 150 feet fall. The same water runs through two million dollars worth of irrigating canals, and waters the whole Salt Lake plain before it finally empties into the lake.

Brigham Young was a good mechanic. He could make anything he ever saw, and when occasion required he could invent new appliances. He was a rough, crude man, but terribly in earnest. He was like Zach Chandler in politics, Sherman in war, and St. Paul in the ministry. He was always aggressive. His son, John W., on the contrary, is always on the defensive. He is always patting people on the back, always tranquilizing and making peace. He is the most gentlemanly and quiet-mannered man I ever met. He wins everybody with his smile and kind ways. The morning we left for Ogden, John W. came down to the cars with us. In going from the depot to the cars no less than six Mormons put their arms around him. Some even kissed him. Brigham Young was feared, but his son John W. will and has made himself beloved. He will not fight. All strife will now end in Utah. Polygamy will gradually die out. John W. will let it die, but the Mormon church, with its 200,000 followers, will stand.

"We double once in seven years," the Prophet said one day.

"How double once in seven years?" I asked.

"Why in 1849 we had 12,000 people. In 1856 we had 24,000; in 1863 we had 48,000; in 1870 we had 96,000, and today in 1877 we have 192,000."

"And in 1883 you will have"—

"Two hundred and eighty-four thousand, and nothing but a national calamity or a judgment from God can stop us," said the Prophet.

There is no doubt in my mind that under the conservative policy of John W. Young, with the death of pologamy, that the Mormons will number 284,000 in 1883, and that they will control the politics of Utah, and perhaps of Arizona and New Mexico.

Population of Asia and Africa.

The entire population of Asia is larger by about twenty-five millions than the estimate given in last year's issue of Behm and Wagner's work. The increase mainly falls upon the East India islands and Anam, the figures in the case of the latter being more than double those given in the tables of last year—viz.: 21,000,000. The population of British India is rather less than last year, being 188,093,700, that Burmah being about 2,750,000, including tributary or protected States. The whole population of British India is close on 239,000,000. In a map of India, which accompanies the work, the varying density of the population in India is shown, from five inhabitants to over 750 per square mile. The greatest density is found, of course, about Calcutta, as also in patches all along the east coast and over all the northwest provinces. The population of China is given as 405,000,000, with 38,500,000 of outlying people. Hong Kong seems to have decreased by upward of two thousand since last year, the number now given being 121,985. Japan is set down as 33,299,014. With regard to Africa, the population of Algeria was, 1875, estimated to be 2,448,961. The population of Egypt shows a slight increase over last year, being now 17,000,000 The inhabitants of Port Said now number 9,650, and of Ismailia 3,779. Many details are given concerning the area and population of the Soudan and Central and West African States, the results of recent explorations. The British possessions in South Africa show an increase of territory and population, the latter numbering, according to the latest date, 1,338,702. According to the latest statistics, the whole population of Australia amounts to 1,867 000; of New Zealand, 421,326. In the Fiji islands the native population seems to be rapidly decreasing. It is calculated now not to exceed 70,000, while the white, who in 1872 numbered 2,940, were last year only 1,650.

He Sat on a Lion's Tail.

During a recent visit to the Philadelphia Zoological Garden we witnessed an amusing incident illustrative of Young America's love for adventure says a correspondent. In the rear of the lion and tiger house large cages are constructed, where the animals come out at pleasure to sun themselves. On this occasion, as we stood admiring two fine specimens stretched at full length on the sandy floor, one so near the bars that its tail extended through, and lay on the grass outside, a boy approached, in advance of his mother and sister, and, no sooner did he see the lion than an idea seemed to strike him, for with one bound, and before his mother could stop him, he was over the low rails, and quickly approaching the lion, sat down on its tail. But he had not long to sit, for in a twinkling the lion sprang to its feet and made for the boy, who barely escaped a stroke of the powerful paw, by turning a back sumersault. The mother stood speechless, as the boy ran shouting, "Well, I don't care. I'll have it to say I sat on a lion's tail."

Let pleasure be ever so innocent, the excess is always criminal.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

A decision of the New York court of appeals, in favor of the Gilbert and N. Y. Elevated railroad companies, seems to settle the questions of law which have long hindered the consummation of a much-needed scheme of rapid transit in the city of New York, and a swift means of communication from one end of the city to the other is probably now a matter of time only. ......The rifle matches at the Creedmoor range closed with an individual contest for a series of eight prizes, amounting to $1,000, given by the New York *Spirit of the Times.* The distances shot at were 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, and the first prize of $500 was won by N. Washburn, of Connecticut, with a score of 207 out of a possible 225. C. E. Blydenburgh, of the American team, came second, with a score of 206, for which he took a prize of $200. Seventy-eight marksmen entered in this contest......Yellow fever prevailed to a great extent in Havana and at Fernandina, Fla., where the mortality was very large, and the dread disease took the proportions of an epidemic.....President MacMahon has issued a manifesto to the French people, in which he declares that he will cause the constitution of the country to be respected, and asks the people to place confidence in him.

It is stated that Secretary Evarts will deliver a speech at Washington in defence of the policy of the Administration previous to the special session of Congress, in October......The State convention of the New Jersey Democrats was held at Trenton, and resulted in the nomination of Major-General George B. McClellan for governor, by a vote of 804 against 179, divided among three other candidates. The platform adopted reaffirms the principles contained in the National Democratic platform adopted at St. Louis in 1876, and denounces "the frauds and crimes by which our candidates for President and Vice-President are prevented from occupying the positions to which they were chosen by a decided majority of the popular and electoral vote;" congratulates "the supporters of free government throughout the United States on the fact that even the man who was placed in the Presidential chair by means of these frauds and crimes has found it necessary, in order to receive the respect and support of any portion of the American people, to adopt the Democratic policy of local self government in the Southern States, and to abandon all future devices to perpetuate sectional jealousies;" opposes all special legislation for corporate or individual interests at the expense of the people; sympathizes with the workingmen of the State in the prevalent distress, and advises the enactment of such legislation as will enable them to harmonize the interests of capital and labor; believes that the necessities of the people require a reduction of all official salaries, fees and costs; and asserts that the usury laws should be revised and reformed, and six per cent be made the legal rate of interest in the State ..... The Prohibition party of New Jersey met in convention at Trenton and nominated Rudolphus Bingham for governor. The resolutions adopted declare against the legalized traffic in liquors, attributing it to the increase of taxes, the general distress, and in a great degree the corruption of officials. The signers declare they will no longer vote for any man who is not in favor of prohibition.....The Massachusetts Republican State convention was held in Worcester, and was presided over by Senator Hoar. The first ballot for candidates for governor resulted in the renomination of Gov. Rice, who received 597 votes against 231 for Thomas Talbot, sixty-nine for John Lang, twenty-five for Paul A. Chadbourne, four for Henry S. Pierce and three for John E. Sanford. The committee on resolutions reported a platform reaffirming the principles of the party, congratulating the country upon the accession of a Republican President of conspicuous integrity, honesty of purpose, wisdom, moderation and firmness; expressing gratification at the pacification of the Southern States; declaring in favor of resuming specie payments at the date fixed by the resumption act; approving the civil service reforms inaugurated by the Administration, and opposing further grants of land or subsidies to private enterprises. That part of the platform which refers to the President's Southern policy and his reformatory civil servcie measures is as follows, in full: Resolved, That we hail with unspeakable pleasure every sign of promise of the final and permanent pacification of the Southern section of our country under local self government, based upon the full recognition of the equal rights of all; and we cordially approve the spirit and measures of the Administration as wisely adapted to hasten this result, as directed by a just sense of constitutional right and duty, as tending to promote a spirit of peace and conciliation between citizens of all sections, and as carefully justified by the bettered feeling and condition of the country. Resolved, That the work of reforming and improving the civil service, which the Republican party has undertaken, and to which it stands committed, ought to be persistently and resolutely carried forward. We fully indorse the utterances of the Cincinnati platform and of the letter of acceptance of President Hayes on this subject; that nominations to office ought to be made upon the sole responsibility of the Executive department, without the dictation or control of the members of Congress; that honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only claim and qualification for office; that partisan service should not be expected or desired from public officers, who should give their whole service to the government and the people, and that the term of office should depend upon untarnished personal character and the satisfactory performance of official duties, and not upon political changes; and we cordially sustain and approve the policy and action of the President in conducting his administration in fulfillment of his distinct pledge upon these principles. Recognizing that the work of correcting the abuses that have crept into the civil service is only begun, and that much remains to be accomplished in Massachusetts as well as elsewhere, in order to show convincingly that the principle of civil service reform is accepted as an enduring principle, and not a temporary method of administration, we call upon all departments of the government to give the President their cordial and effective support in making the reform thorough, radical and complete. Resolved, That the order recently promulgated by the President, for the purpose of restraining the executive officers of the government from exercising an undue and improper influence upon the action of the people in the selection of candidates for office and in the management of political affairs is in accordance with the principles and practices established by the founders of the government. We heartily indorse the order as the first and most important step toward a practical reform of the civil service, and we assure the President of our cordial support in its enforcement......The Greenback party of Pennsylvania met at Williamsport, and nominated Benjamin S. Bentley for supreme judge; James C. Emerson for auditor-general, and James L. Wright, nominee of the labor party, for State treasurer. The resolutions adopted were denunciatory of national banks, and favored inter-convertible bonds and elastic money sufficient for the wants of trade..... The President and party arrived at Nashville, Tenn., and were received by the governor of the State, the mayor and a committee of citizens. The assemblage was addressed by the President, Gov. Wade Hampton, and members of the cabinet.....A train on the Union Pacific railroad, at Big Springs, Neb., was stopped by thirteen masked men and robbed of $75,000 in gold coin. A number of the passengers were also relieved of money and valuables.

The Republicans of Maryland held their convention in Baltimore, and nominated Dr. S. E. Porter for State controller. The platform indorses the Southern policy of the President; favors a speedy resumption of specie payments; asserts that "the efforts of the Democratic party to impugn the title of Rutherford B. Hayes, as President of the United States, are only equaled by their audicity in claiming that John Lee Carroll is the legally elected governor of Maryland; and while the title of the one was confirmed by a high tribunal composed of Republicans and Democrats, and created by Democratic votes, the title of the other has never been acknowledged by any respectable majority of the people in the State, and was only acquiesced in because there was no tribunal in the State that was willing to decide it upon the proofs of fraud and violence through which only he became governor;" denounces as shameful "the conduct of Democratic officials in administering the election laws;" holds the Democratic party responsible for the high taxes imposed upon the people and for imposing exorbitant tolls on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, and unjust discriminations in freights on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad; claims that our great works of internal improvement, whether canal or railroad, were built for the people, and that freights and tolls should be so regulated as not to discriminate against local traffic or for or against special private interests." ...... The centennial of the killing of a number of American troops, under Gen. Anthony Wayne, at Paoli, Pa., was observed at that place by the dedication of a monument to the dead.... Lewis V. Bogy, United States Senator from Missouri, died at St. Louis, on the twentieth. He was appointed Senator in 1873, as successor to Frank P. Blair, Jr......The steamboats Grand Republic and Carondelet were burned at St. Louis. Loss, $200,000, on which there is $67,000 insurance. ...... An express train was thrown from the track near Casselman Station, Pa., and twelve persons were injured ...... The President was received by a large crowd at Chattanooga, Tenn., and made a lengthy address in response to a speech of welcome by Col. Cooke, an ex-Confederate soldier. Secretary Evarts, Postmaster-General Key, and Gov. Wade Hampton delivered addresses. In the afternoon the party were entertained by Judge Key in his own home.

The mayor of Fernandina Fla., appealed to the country for moderate aid, as the yellow fever there was spreading and causing much want and suffering. Destitution prevailed in the town and all work had ceased....James Rhodes, a mulatto, was hanged at Newcastle, Del., for the murder of James Temple, a colored man....A misplaced switch near Rome, N. Y., caused a collision between an express train and a freight train. The two engines, mail and baggage cars were completely wrecked, a fireman, brakeman and mail agent were killed, and about ten others were injured in different degrees of severity....The Black Warrior river in Alabama suddenly rose sixty-thee feet and totally swept away the abundant crops of cotton, corn and fodder in the adjoining valley. It is estimated that 30,000 bales of cotton have been destroyed, and many planters are ruined. ....The New York State Association of Young men's Christian Associations met in annual convention at Hudson. E. B. Monroe, of New York city, was elected president....A fire at the Union Planing Mills, Chicago, caused a destruction of property amounting to $45,000 on which there is an insurance of $13,000; and a fire in Chickasaw county, Iowa, burned twenty-six business houses and five grain warehouses, causing a loss of $50.000. ....The Carroll County Savings Bank of Wolfboro, N. H., suspended payment. It is thought the bank will be able to pay its depositors in full.....General Grant was enthusiastically received at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, and replied to an address of the Chamber of Commerce. In the evening he held a reception. ....The Republicans of France have replied defiantly to President McMahon's manifesto.

John S. Morton, president of the West Philadelphia railroad company, and president of the Permanent Exhibition Company, was found to be a defaulter to the amount of $75,000 or more. He issued over ten thousand unauthorized shares of stock of the railroad company over which he presided, and claimed that in doing so he had not made a dollar himself, but had been actuated by a desire to aid others. ......The President and party arrived at Atlanta, Ga., and were welcomed in a speech by Gov. Colquitt, to which the President responded. About 10,000 people surrounded the stand. Addresses were made by Secretary Evarts and Postmaster-General Key. In the evening a reception was held at the Executive mansion, and the President and people of Atlanta were entertained by the governor. At the banquet addresses were made by the President, Messrs. Evarts, Key, Ben Hill and Gorden......Leverrier, the celebrated French astronomer, is dead......An assemblage of 50,000 people welcomed General Grant at Newcastle, England. .....A kerosene lamp in a small frame building in Keyport, N. J., exploded or was tipped over, and before the flames could be extinguished they had communicated to other buildings and soon destroyed the business portion of the town. About thirty buildings were burned and as many families were homeless. The pecuniary loss will be about $130,000, half of which is covered by insurance ...... Clarence W. Gomersall, a New York broker, was shot dead in Newark, N. J., by a saloon keeper named Kerner, who claimed that he took the dead man for a burglar.

A Feathered Fortune-Teller.

Several months ago Gen. Gordon and Col. R. A. Alston, of Atlanta, Ga., while walking down Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, noticed a crowd standing on the sidewalk, and discovered a portable stand, upon which a speculative group of canary birds were telling the fortnes of the bystanders. A stranger would give one of the birds a nickel. The bird would then hop off to a basket near by, and pick up a little envelope in his bill and carry it to the customer. Gen. Gordon handed the wisest-looking canary he could see a nickel, and awaited the result. The bird returned with an envelope, which the senator opened. It announced that the senator "talked too much, had five children, and would live to be eighty-six years of age." Col. Alston determined to have his fortune told. The first clause was this: "You invite too many people to your house; many of those you invite are not your friends." The printed slip went on to recite that the colonel would in a short time receive a large sum of money as an inheritance, and that it would be the basis on which he would build a definite prosperity. He folded the scrap of paper in his pocket and went to Willard's, where he met Judge Lochrane. On showing the paper to this gentleman, he was interrupted by the exclamation: "Why, my dear sir, your fortnne is already left you. I saw this very day, in a newspaper, that John E. Alston, of Brooklyn, had died, and had left a fortune of about $600,000 to be divided among his heirs and relatives in the South." A day or two afterward Attorney-General Devens asked him if he was any kin to John E. Alston, of Brooklyn, remarking that that gentleman had left a large fortune to be divided among his family. Col. Alston replied that he was not so lucky, and soon afterward went to Georgia. A few days ago, however, he received a printed copy of the will, addressed to him as one of the heirs of the estate. The will bequeathed various amounts to special heirs, and the balance, amounting to $137,000, to the heirs in Georgia and South Carolina through the agency of Albert Glover. Col. Alston may have as much as $50,000 from this inheritance.

A Curious Surgical Operation.

A boy named Frank Hanafin, who had been injured in a sawmill here, and had been, as we might say, almost skinned alive, was supplied with a new skin by taking pieces from the arms of eight or nine other boys. In the accident a very large wound was made in his back, the surface being one mass of red, quivering flesh, though healthy in appearance. The wound, of course, was very sensitive, and the operation must have been quite painful to him. Drs. Picot and Maynard and an assistant performed the operation. Around the bed were gathered six or eight Irish boys, from eight to fifteen years of age, from whose arms had been taken, or was to be taken, the skin needed to replace that which was lost. As each was called on by the doctor, he came forward, and baring his arm, a small piece of skin was skilfully cut out with the lancet and gently placed upon the raw flesh. About thirty pieces in all were so put on. Several of the boys gave up more than one piece, and Folger Picot, the doctor's son, contributed eight pieces. A younger brother of Hanafin's gave nearly as many. While the operation was going on the boys joked among themselves on helping to make up Hanafin, and bantered each other on the number of times they had submitted to be cut into for the benefit of their playmate. The boys were generally very willing to give the skin required, but after a while they evidently began to think enough was as good as a feast, and they moved out doors, watching further operations through the window. It is thought, however, that enough will consent to give skin, so that Hanafin's wound will be entirely covered over, thus hastening his recovery, and adding to his comfort when the wound shall have healed.—*Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser.*

A Demoniac Procession.

A correspondent of the London *Times* at Ragusa writes: I have just returned here from Trebinge. While there I was sitting conversing with the English surgeon attached to the hospital, when he observed: "There is not much to be seen in this place, but fortunately to-day I am able to show you a sight you never see in England. Come along and let us have a look."

We started for the Bazaar, a short distance off. At the end of the principal street we encountered a procession of 150 children, none of them over twelve years of age. The two in front carred what seemed like two standards of some sort, but which, on a nearer approach, turned out to be two human heads stuck on poles about a yard and a half long. One was the head of a man in the prime of life, apparently about thirty-three years of age, with a black mustache and a beard of some weeks' growth. His head was shaved after the manner of the Bosniaks, with the exception of a long tuft on the crown. The other was a man much older, about fifty-five years of age. His face was thin and clean shaved, his head was also shaved save the same long tuft which floated in the wind.

Round this ghastly sight the children danced and yelled like demons. After they had paraded all the street they stuck them on a wall opposite the pasha's residence and subjected them to every species of insult, each boy advancing in turn and spitting on the heads and then hurling some mud. They retired uttering horrid blasphemies. During this time the street was thronged with soldiers, and I saw many officers looking on with evident pleasure. On expressing my disgust to my companion he said: "It was nothing; such sights were rather common in Trebinge."

In the Jaws of an Alligator.

At Lake Charles, in the parish of Calcasieu, La., a few days since, a most exciting scene was witnessed by a number of people on the shore. Some lads, among whom was a boy named William Haskell, were in bathing, when the attention of all was attracted to the cries of the latter, and an alligator was seen swimming in the direction of him. The little boy not perceiving the approach of the saurian, dived, and just as he reached the surface the open jaws received him. The alligator drove his teeth almost through the boy's skull, making several wounds in the scalp three inches in length. The boy's comrades rushed into the water and began a loud outcry, when the alligator let go his hold and disappeared. The little fellow, although seriously injured, will probably live.

The gravest events dawn with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising. All great developments complete themselves in the world and modestly wait in silence, praising themselves never, announcing themselves not at all. We must be sensitive and sensible if we would see the beginnings and endings of great things. This is our part.

The Fairbankses have executed orders from the United States government the past three years for over 7,500 scales. This firm is still furnishing—under contract with the various departments—scales for all parts of the country. In a contract just secured from the Treasury Department for the fiscal year (which expires June 30, 1878) the government shows its preference for Fairbanks' scales by paying the St. Johnsbury firm 33⅓ per cent more than the bid of competing parties.—[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

Howes & Co., Bankers and Commission Stock House, 6 Wall St., New York. Our Mr. R. W. Howes has had twenty-five years' experience in the business, ten years as President of one of our largest city banks and fifteen in private banking. Parties desirous of making quick turns in Stocks can now do so to good advantage on very small margins on the plan we suggest, involving less risks and better prospects for profit than in buying "Stock Privileges." We solicit correspondence.

The Misdirection of the Bile.

The misdirection of the bile, a consequence which ensues when the liver is inactive and the bowels torpid, produces a number of bodily evils. The blood becomes contaminated with the bilious fluid, causing the skin and the whites of the eyes to assume a yellowish tinge; dyspepsia and nausea supervene, the tongue becomes furred, the breath fœtid, there are pains in the side and between the shoulder blades, the urine is high colored and scalding, and in aggravated cases, jaundice and inflammation of the liver ensue. All these consequences may be prevented or obviated by using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a vegetable alterative tonic which stimulates the inactive liver to exert itself in secreting and directing the bile acts naturally upon the bowels and removes every trace of indigestion.

The Latest Fashion for Ladies.

Our attention has recently been called to the Raritan Metelasse Cloakings, something entirely new in the way of heavy, thick, warm, woolen goods specially adapted for ladies' wear during the cold weather now approaching. These goods are the handsomest, and most stylish ever seen, and so far as price is concerned, are a miracle of cheapness. They are intended for cloaks, sacques, dolmans, circulars and jackets, for both ladies and children, and are to be found at all the leading dry goods stores in the country. Be particular to ask for Raritan Cloakings, and take no other.

Physicians of high standing unhesitatingly give their indorsement to the use of the Graefenberg-Marshall's Catholicon for all female complaints. The weak and debilitated find wonderful relief from a constant use of this valuable remedy. Sold by all druggists. $1.50 per bottle. Send for almanacs, Graefenberg Co. New York.

Another Reduction.

The Lelands, of the Sturtevant House, Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, New York, beg to inform the public that they have made a substantial reduction in their rates to transient guests, and have established a scale of prices ranging from $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 per day, according to location, for rooms and board. Rooms on European plan, $1 per day.

The Cheapest and Best Advertising

to reach readers outside of the large cities. Over 1,000 newspapers, divided into six different lists. Advertisements received for one or more lists. For catalogues containing names of papers, and for other information and for estimates, address Beals & Foster, 41 Park Row (*Times* Building) New York.

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The best place to stop when you go to New York is at the new Hotel Devonshire, opposite Grand Central Depot. You save carriage hire, and baggage is carried free. The Devonshire is conducted on the European plan, at prices to suit the times. Its restaurant is one of the best in the city. Elevator and all the modern improvements.

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The Celebrated
"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston, and Chicago

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Are never experienced by those who use Dooley's Yeast Powder. Elegant, light, wholesome biscuits, bread, rolls and muffins, every time. Try it and be convinced.

"Curse the whole lot. That scale agent cheated me out of $50 clean, for I could have bought a better Five Ton Wagon Scale for $50 on trial, freight paid to my own door, of Jones, of Binghamton, Binghamton, N. Y.

Sour Stomach and Heartburn

are signs of a bilious attack; Quirk's Irish Tea will remedy all these. Price 25 cts.

Patentees and inventors shuld read advertisement of Edson Bros. in another column.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.			
Beef Cattle—Native	10	@	10½
Texas and Cherokee	07½	@	09
Milch Cows	55 00	@	60 00
Hogs—Live	05½	@	05¾
Dressed	06⅝	@	07½
Sheep	05	@	06½
Lambs	05½	@	07
Cotton—Middling	11	@	11⅜
Flour—Western—Good to Choice	6 15	@	7 15
State—Good to Choice	7 75	@	8 05
Wheat—Red Western	1 38	@	1 42
No. 2 Milwaukee	1 30	@	1 31
Rye—State	70	@	80
Barley—State	82½	@	83
Barley Malt	1 00	@	1 15
Oats—Mixed Western	31	@	37
Corn—Mixed Western	51	@	57½
Hay, per cwt	65	@	70
Straw—per cwt	55	@	60
Hops—76's—02 @04 ....77's	10	@	12
Pork—Mess	13 50	@	13 90
Lard—City Steam	09	@	09⅛
Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new	20 00	@	21 00
" No. 2, new	13 00	@	14 00
Dry Cod, per cwt	5 60	@	6 00
Herring, Scaled, per box	21	@	23
Petroleum—Crude....11½@12	Refined,		15½
Wool—California Fleece	16	@	42
Texas "	24	@	36
Australian "	44	@	49
Butter—State	25	@	26
Western Choice	18	@	22
Western—Good to Prime	20	@	24
Western—Firkins	10	@	14
Cheese—State Factory	11	@	12
State Skimmed	06	@	08
Western	09	@	10
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania	19	@	19½
BUFFALO.			
Flour	7 75	@	8 25
Wheat—No. 1 Milwaukee	1 21	@	1 25
Corn—Mixed	50	@	52½
Oats	25	@	30
Rye	90	@	98
Barley	82	@	90
Barley Malt	1 00	@	1 10
PHILADELPHIA.			
Beef Cattle—Extra	07	@	7½
Sheep	05	@	07
Hogs—Dressed	08½	@	09½
Flour—Pennsylvania Extra	6 75	@	7 00
Wheat—Red Western	1 41	@	1 45
Rye	65	@	67
Corn—Yellow	59½	@	60
Mixed	60	@	60
Oats—Mixed	35	@	35
Petroleum—Crude....10⅞@10⅞	Refined,		15½
Wool—Colorado	25	@	30
Texas	2?	@	32
California	5?	@	33
BOSTON.			
Beef Cattle	08	@	08½
Sheep	06½	@	07½
Hogs	06	@	09
Flour—Wisconsin and Minnesota	7 50	@	9 00
Corn—Mixed	48	@	52½
Oats— "	58	@	59
Wool—Ohio and Pennsylvania XX	48	@	50
California	40	@	41
BRIGHTON, MASS.			
Beef Cattle	06½	@	07½
Sheep	05	@	09½
Lambs	07	@	10
Hogs	07½	@	08
WATERTOWN, MASS.			
Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice	5 50	@	6 80
Sheep	6 75	@	7 75
Lambs	7 00	@	9 00

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NYNU No 39

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